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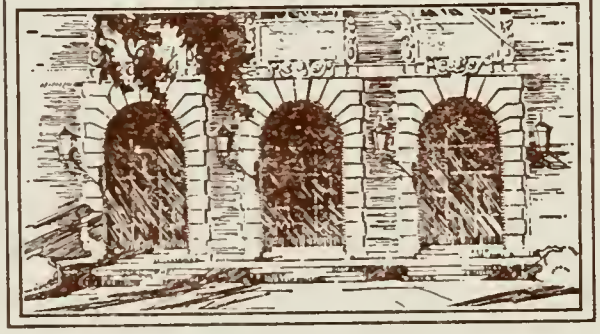

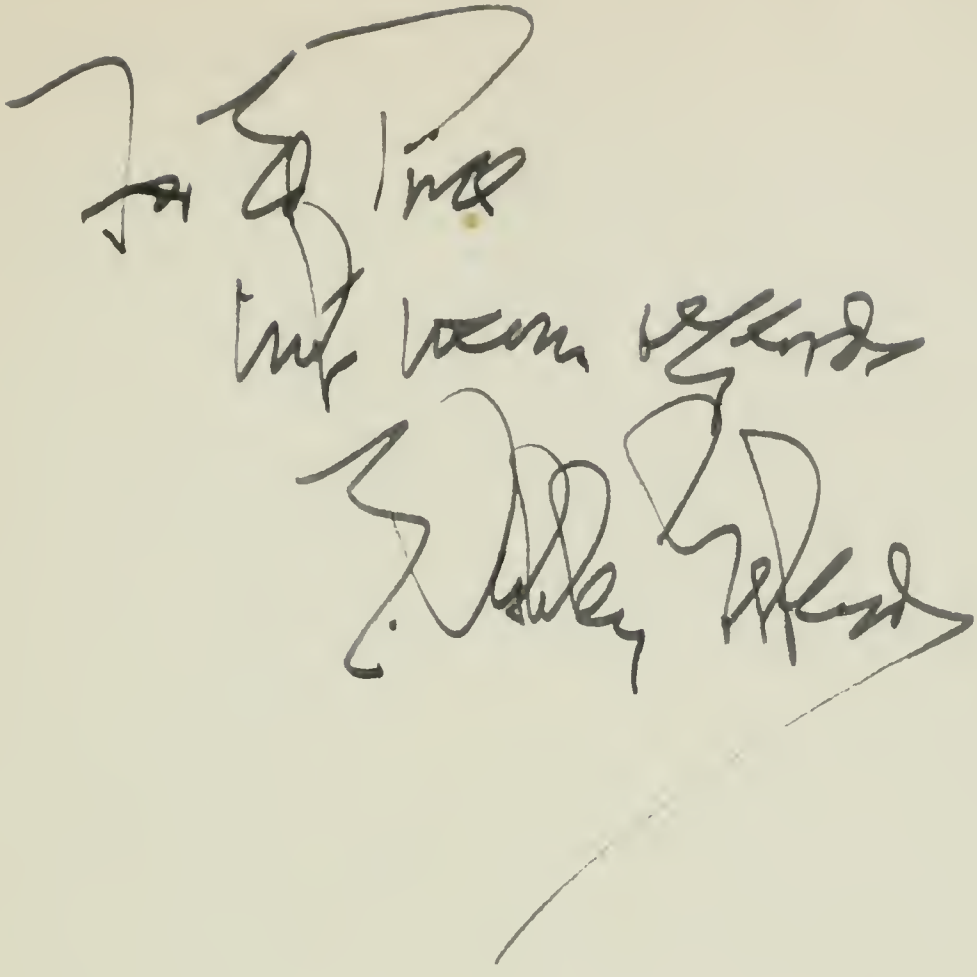

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1916 · 1953

E. ASHLEY GERHARD

CHRIST CHURCH, WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

The author in 1916

FOREWORD

THIS is not a history of Christ Church, Winnetka. Nor is it intended to be in any important degree an autobiography. What I have attempted to do, and all I have attempted, has been to recall in writing something of what went on in the parish during the thirty-seven years of my rectorate, various characteristic incidents that occurred, certain personalities with whom it was my good fortune to have been most closely and helpfully associated and who played particularly important parts in my Winnetka ministry, and to expose my thinking and elements of my personal conviction that underlay and motivated my pastoral, as well as my teaching and preaching, ministry, while it was my God-given privilege to serve as Rector of Christ Church.

They were exciting and cataclysmic years in the life of the Nation and of the world. Their span covered three great crises, namely World War I, the Great Depression, and World War II. They confronted the Christian Church with problems, responsibilities and opportunities of vast significance and importance. Herein is the story of how one Christian congregation undertook to meet and respond to the challenge of that era.

I should be less than gracious were I to fail to express to the present Rector of Christ Church my warm appreciation of his action in asking me to write up this story. For it was in response to the urgent and generous request of Dr. William S. Lea that the task was undertaken. Nor can I fail to make known my gratitude to Mrs. Ethel B. Doolittle, who provided me with much material out of the archives of the parish to supplement my faulty memory; to Mrs. Hilpa S. Wood, to whom I turned for a great deal of documented information regarding the Churchyard development; and to Mrs. Bernice T. Vander Vries and Mrs. Mary R. Wilson, who placed in my hands valuable material relating to The Guild. Without their valued assistance what I have written would surely have been both inaccurate and incomplete. I pass it on for whatever use Dr. Lea and his people may decide to make of it.

There is one omission in my story that to some, perhaps to many, may appear curious and possibly unwarranted. With one or two exceptions, there is no mention of our rectory family, of the

life within our parish home, and especially of the part—and indeed, it was an important and vital part—that my Dorothy played in my Winnetka ministry. There is a reasonable explanation of this. Many clergymen need, and fortunately receive, the energetic and active sharing of their ministry by their wives. Many parishes expect such sharing by the wives of their rectors. I happen to be so constituted that, while I was involved in my pastoral and administrative activity, it was invariably a total, and not infrequently an exhausting, involvement. For this reason it was a matter of compelling importance that, when I came away from the parish and returned to our rectory home, I should find myself in an environment of complete change, relaxation and rest. Only so could I be assured of the nervous, mental and physical restoration that was required. For this reason—and it was a matter about which we were both in complete agreement—Dorothy never held an official position in any of our parochial activities. Nevertheless, she was deeply involved in everything that I thought and said and did. She took her place and constantly played her full part as a loyal and devoted member of the congregation. She labored unceasingly in The Guild. She and I were in every real sense co-workers. She was always by my side and, without her never-failing sympathy, understanding and support, my efforts would have been inadequate indeed.

E. A. G.

Manchester, New Hampshire
May, 1963

CHAPTER ONE

The Call

STRANGELY ENOUGH, I had never heard of such a place as Winnetka, Illinois. It was strange because, as I was later to learn, there were at that time living in Winnetka three members of the Class of 1906 of Princeton University, all intimate friends of mine from my college days who, with their respective families, were to be members of my new congregation. All I knew about where they lived was that it was somewhere out there in the Middle West near Chicago. I mention this because, as will later appear, it was to have an important bearing upon my pastoral ministry as Rector of Christ Church.

It was Palm Sunday, April 16, 1916. I had completed my three-year apprenticeship in the Missionary District of Wyoming. Since September, 1912 I had been Minister-in-Charge of St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore. Situated in the northeastern section of the city, St. Andrew's actually held parochial status in the Diocese of Maryland with its own vestry but, because the members of the congregation were all people of very limited means, for which reason the stipend of their pastor was paid in part by the Vestry of Emmanuel Church, St. Andrew's was regarded as a chapel of that important down-town parish, and I was there by the appointment of the Rector of Emmanuel, Dr. Hugh Birckhead.

I was completely devoted to those underprivileged and generally impoverished people. Almost everything they had by way of social opportunity outside of their meager homes they found in our Parish House. Never before or since have I known a people who so appreciated what the Church had to offer and who were so responsive to its ministry. Once before, after my first nine months as Rector of St. Andrew's, I had been invited to become Rector of one of the wealthy suburban parishes of Baltimore. The call was rejected because I could not persuade myself that it was God's will that I should at that time leave those people, for whom I cared so deeply.

I finished our Palm Sunday morning service. As I stood at the door of the church, greeting the people as they left, I was approached by two men whom I had not previously noticed in the congregation. They introduced themselves as Mr. McIlvaine and Mr. Elting, Vestrymen of Christ Church, Winnetka, Illinois. They informed me that the Rector of their parish had recently resigned to become Rector of St. Peter's Parish, Chicago, that Mr. McIlvaine's wife had recently heard me preach at a Lenten service in Emmanuel Church, that they had come east to look me over and, if sufficiently impressed, to ask me if I would consider a call to the rectorate of their parish. My immediate reaction was again to refuse. Again I couldn't bear the thought of leaving a people to whom I was so affectionately committed. But this time I was confronted by a changed situation. Now there were two children in our rectory family. The environment within which they were to grow, the contrasting educational advantages of such a community as Winnetka, made a difference. All this must now be given serious consideration. My answer was, "Yes. If the Winnetka vestry were to extend to me a call on their recommendation, it would be given prayerful and possibly favorable thought."

I am reminded of the young parson's son, whose father had received a call to another parish and who met up with one of his friends and was asked, "How about it? Is your father going to accept that call?" "Don't know", was the reply. "Dad's saying his prayers. Mom's upstairs packing the trunks."

Under date of April 26, 1916, I received a letter signed by George Higginson, Victor Elting and William B. McIlvaine, serving as a committee of the Vestry of Christ Church, stating, "At a meeting of the Vestry of Christ Church, Winnetka, held on Thursday last, April 20th, we were instructed to invite you to come to Christ Church as our Rector." Subsequently, I received a copy of the minutes of that Vestry Meeting with a covering letter signed by Samuel A. Greeley, Clerk.

So it was that I resigned my post in Baltimore and accepted the call from Christ Church. On June 19, 1916, I wrote the following letter to the members of my new congregation:

My Dear Friends:

The relationship between a pastor and his people in its most real meaning is like no other relationship in human life. It contains elements which all others lack. It possesses a value and a significance that are to be found nowhere else.

I have been made particularly aware of this fact during the past few weeks. For it is when we are about to part with that which we love that we best understand its meaning and most accurately estimate its worth.

It was so, you will remember, during the closing days of the Master's association with His friends. All the beauty and intimacy and eternal significance of their three years together then found their full expression. It has been so too during these past weeks, when I have been approaching the end of my pastorate in Baltimore. I am sure that never before did I fully realize what our association meant until the time came when I must leave these people to go to you.

Now all that is behind me, and I am thinking only of you. And you will understand, I am sure, why I want to write you now, just before I go to you. For I feel that everything in our future together will depend upon how we now enter our new relationship, upon what we now expect of one another, upon how thoughtfully we regard the experience upon which we now embark.

I want you always to require of me my very best. I want you ever to hold up to me the highest ideals of my pastorate and priesthood. For what I shall be to you will be very largely of your making. And I want particularly our common relationship now at the beginning to be in your minds, as I assure you it will be in mine, the sacred thing that I am convinced God intends it to be.

For this reason, I am asking every communicant member of Christ Church to attend the service and receive the Sacrament at either 7:30 or 11 o'clock on the morning of July 2nd next.

So at the beginning we shall start together with the Master,

when together we shall meet Him at His Table. It will mean more to us all throughout the years of my ministry to you than we can now appreciate.

Faithfully yours,
E. Ashley Gerhard

So it all began. How little did I realize when I wrote that letter that the years of the ministry to which I was referring would stretch out to number almost thirty-eight! How far short I fell from a full comprehension of the joy with which they were to be filled!

CHAPTER TWO

By Way of Background

A FEW WORDS must here be inserted to provide something by way of an historical background for my story. In the early days in Winnetka there lived on Sheridan Road at the corner of Humboldt Avenue a Mr. John Garland and his family. An Englishman and a devout churchman, he had built on the southeast corner of his property a small frame chapel, in which he and his family worshipped and the use of which was offered to "any Christian body". To the north of the chapel were buried the bodies of Mrs. Garland, a son and a daughter. In the year 1876, his children then having married and moved away, and knowing that his days were numbered, Mr. Garland deeded the property to the Rt. Rev. William E. McLaren, Bishop of Chicago, and to his successors in office. The gift was gratefully accepted by Bishop McLaren, to be held in trust for the congregation of Christ Church.

Through the ensuing years, services were held sporadically in the chapel by various clergymen who drove out from Evanston until October, 1897, when the Rev. Henry G. Moore arrived to assume his duties as Minister-in-Charge of what was then Christ Church Mission. The congregation grew and flourished under Mr. Moore's godly and consecrated administration until, in January, 1904, it was admitted into the Diocese of Chicago as a self-supporting, independent parish. Some years later, during my rectorate, on the death of Mr. Moore a stone tablet was placed on the wall to the left of the altar as a memorial to, and to bear permanent testimony to, the Christian service of that godly man.

In December, 1903 occurred the tragic Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago. In the audience were Mrs. Emilie Hoyt Fox and her three children, all of whom lost their lives. Mrs. Fox was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hoyt, devoted members of Christ Church. The following year, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt came to the Rector and Vestry of the parish with an offer to build a new

stone church, to replace the Garland chapel, as a memorial to their daughter and three grand-children. The offer was accepted on May 23, 1904. During one of their many travels in England, the Hoyts had visited Canterbury and there had found what impressed them as the most beautiful village church they had ever seen. It was St. Martin's, the oldest parish church in the English-speaking world, with a record of continuous Christian witness that stretched back to the 6th century. Now, they decided, that lovely church in England must be duplicated as their memorial in Winnetka. Forthwith, they sent Mr. William A. Otis, a well-known and highly-skilled architect who lived in Winnetka, to Canterbury; there to study St. Martin's and to prepare his plans for the new Christ Church. In due time all was ready for construction to start. The little frame chapel was moved bodily from its location, south on Sheridan Road and Maple Street, west across the railroad tracks to a lot on West Elm Street, where today it stands, greatly remodeled, as the house of worship of what is now known as the Winnetka Bible Church.

On November 12, 1905, Bishop Charles P. Anderson came out to Winnetka to consecrate the new Christ Church. Over the altar was placed a beautiful stained-glass window, given by Phelps and Landon Hoyt in memory of their sister. On the wall behind the altar, at a somewhat later date, was set an equally beautiful oil painting of the Christ, for which an English artist was commissioned by Mrs. Hermon B. Butler. The chimes in the tower were donated by Mrs. Phelps Hoyt to memorialize her husband, who died tragically in an automobile accident sometime after the consecration of the church. And still later, the Houghteling memorial window was placed at the east end of the church to commemorate the Christian life and service of Mr. James L. Houghteling, an outstanding churchman and warden of the parish.

Mr. Moore resigned his rectorate in 1907 to become a canon of the Cathedral in Chicago. After a short locum tenens ministry of five months of the Rev. George Forsey, the leadership of the parish fell into the hands of the Rev. Homer W. Starr. He was succeeded in 1912 by the Rev. Frederick G. Budlong. And then in 1916 I arrived.

CHAPTER THREE

A Personalized Ministry

THROUGH THE YEARS, ever since my seminary days, there has been a clear and persistent distinction in my mind between two contrasting types of Christian ministry. For want of a better or more adequate terminology, I have thought of one as the ministry from above-down, and of the other as the ministry from within-out. The obvious exponent of the first of the two is the ministry that is practiced in the Roman Church. The minister is the priest. He is commissioned, ordained, set apart, and he lives on a level above those to whom his ministry is offered. He wears a distinctive uniform. That uniform is the mark of his difference. Neither he nor those to whom he ministers shall ever forget or disregard the fact of his difference. The second is generally characterized by the ministry of the Protestant Churches. There, the life and daily activity of the minister is closely and intimately identified with the living experience of the people whom he serves. The more completely he shares that experience, the more helpful and effective his ministry is. He operates from *within* that common experience. Both types prevail within the structure of the Episcopal Church. The High Churchman or Anglo-Catholic and the Low Churchman or Evangelical each has his distinctive and important part to play. But, as I fashioned my thinking regarding my own ministry, there came to be no doubt in my mind as to which of the two comes closest to the way Christ ministered to the people among whom He labored and served. I chose that way.

I was glad that I arrived in Winnetka in early June. It meant that, with the activity of the various parochial organizations suspended through the vacation months, I could fill my days and evenings with calling in the homes of my new congregation, meeting and coming to know my people. By September 15th, I succeeded in ringing the door-bell of every home in the parish. It was a rich and heart-warming experience. By the time the strenuous labors of the fall and winter months arrived, the people of Christ Church

and I had at least made a start towards establishing that close, personal contact and relationship for which I so greatly yearned, and upon which I had determined my ministry in Winnetka was to be established. Of course, there was something of importance in my favor. Those three men, my Princeton classmates to whom I have already referred, were already my close friends. To me, they were Don and Mervin and Fred. To them, I was Ashley. With them and their families, the relationship was already accomplished. Through them, and as a result of their generous welcome, a similar contact was made with their friends. The use of the Christian names was quickly and naturally achieved.

There were delightfully amusing incidents that occurred during those first summer months. I shall recall just one of them. I stopped my car one afternoon at the curb in front of a home where, of course, I was completely unknown. Alighting, I started to walk up the long pathway that led from the street to the front door of the house. When I reached half-way, the lady of the house, upon whom I was making my pastoral call, opened the front door, saw me as I approached, and called out, "Oh, I am so glad you have come. I have been waiting for you. My car is in the garage. It has a flat tire. Please go around and change it!" I said, "Indeed, I shall be glad to change the tire of your car. But first, may I come and shake hands with you? I am your new rector." Greatly embarrassed, she apologized for her unhappy mistake, welcomed me into her lovely home, and we sat down in the livingroom from which a stairway led to the upper floor. We had hardly begun our conversation when one of the loveliest two-year-olds I have ever seen, aroused from her afternoon nap, unclad as she had been when she was born into the world, descended the stairs with her clothes in her arms, solemnly placed them in my lap and, with an unmistakable expression in her dark blue eyes, informed me that she would like to be dressed. Of course, over her mother's protests, I performed the solemn ceremony. All in all, it was a highly successful pastoral call. When I left that house, I was no longer an unknown stranger; contact had been established; a relationship of precious potential had been firmly based which was to flourish and bear rich fruit throughout the years of my Winnetka pastorate. Years later it was my joy to stand at the altar of Christ Church and unite that child, now grown into quite as

beautiful a young woman as she had been as a two-year-old, descending that stairway, in the bonds of Holy Matrimony.

This use of the Christian names, naturally and spontaneously expanding through the years as an expression of a growing and deepening personal relationship with the people of the congregation, was something that I both encouraged and treasured. But in a diocese in which the title Father was expected if not actually required as the proper form of address, it was rank heresy. Whatever my own feelings in the matter might have been, whenever I was referred to or addressed in diocesan contacts it was always "Father Gerhard". At first it annoyed and distressed me. As time went on I gradually became accustomed to it, although it was something to which I never quite accommodated myself. However, the problem was finally solved some years later, when I was awarded an honarary D.D. by Rockford College. Now the choice was no longer between Mister or Father. Whatever may have been the diocesan misgivings with respect to the use of the term Mister, when addressing or referring to a priest of the Church, there were none in connection with Doctor!

I must here recall a strange and interesting experience that I had in connection with one of Bishop Anderson's annual visitations to the parish. Again and again through the years, the Convention passed a resolution appropriating funds to provide an automobile and a chauffeur for the Bishop's use. Every time the action was taken, he refused to accept the decision of the Convention, declaring that he would not have a car as long as there was one of his missionary priests for whom such provision had not been made. Consequently, on the occasion to which I now refer, he came out to Winnetka from his home on Chicago's South Side on the North Shore Electric. Following the morning Confirmation Service in Christ Church he was invited, with Dorothy and me, for luncheon in the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Durham. Luncheon finished, I announced that I was going to drive him in my car back to his home. He protested, and I insisted. Finally he agreed with my proposal and we were on our way. For a long time, as we drove south on Sheridan Road, he was very quiet. Not a word was spoken either by him or by me. I thought that he was tired and just wanted to relax and rest. Presently, as we were passing the Northwestern University campus in Evanston, I glanced

out of the corner of my eye and, to my amazement, there were tears on the Bishop's cheeks. I drew to the side of the road, stopped the car, turned to him and said, "Bishop, why the tears?" Here is his answer: "Do you know, I would give anything in the world to have what you have!" I was dumbfounded, stunned! Here was a man whom I had come to look up to, to respect, and to admire more than any other person I had ever known. Toward him I had acquired something in the nature of hero-worship. What could he possibly mean? What could it be that I had and that he either desired or lacked? I said, "Why, Bishop Anderson, I can't imagine what you are thinking about. You have everything. What can it possibly be that I have and that you wish you had?" He said to me, "I sat all through that hour at the Durhams' luncheon table, and I listened. I listened as they called you Ashley and Dorothy, and you called them Raymond and Eleanor. It was all so natural, so friendly, so spontaneous. What wouldn't I give to have with the people to whom God has sent me to minister the kind of relationship that the use of those names implies. In all my life—and I am an old man—there have been just three people who have ever called me 'Charles'!"

Of course, it was all a matter of native temperament. Bishop Anderson was endowed by birth with the type of temperamental reserve that so generally characterizes the Canadian. He found it difficult, possibly embarrassing, to give outward expression to emotion. To many people, he was stern and cold. That afternoon, as he and I drove into Chicago, I discovered a man who, whatever may have been his outward expression and manifestation, was possessed of a heart that yearned for warmth that might be both given and received.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Ministry to the Community

SO IT ALL BEGAN. But there was something in that community to which I had so recently come that distressed me. Winnetka in 1916 was a village of some 4500 population. It was growing rapidly. People of every Christian communion were moving in, there to establish their homes. If they were Roman Catholics, Father Hearth up on Tower Road would take care of them. Confirmed Episcopalians would naturally enough gravitate into Christ Church. Congregationalists would of course find their places in the Congregational Church on Lincoln Avenue. But what about the others? There were only these three churches in Winnetka, with the exception of a small Scandinavian congregation on West Elm Street, to minister to the increasing population. No Presbyterian, no Baptist, no Methodist or Lutheran, or churches representing the various other Protestant communions. Was I to be willing to confine my ministry exclusively to confirmed Episcopalians? That was the practice and policy of Christ Church at the time of my coming. The doors were wide open; but it was made clearly understood that if people of other Christian communions were to be admitted into membership and were to receive the full ministry of the parish, it was conditioned upon their confirmation.

That was a policy to which, because of deep conviction, I could not subscribe. Mine must be a whole ministry to the whole community, without respect to previous ecclesiastical association. I had read and studied the Gospels and I believed that I had come to know something of the spirit and purpose of the ministry of Christ. My ministry must be patterned after His. I had read St. Paul and was aware of his strong injunction: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus". It was simply impossible for me to envision that Mind ever thus expressing itself: "Come unto me, all ye upon whose heads have been placed the hands of a bishop in the sacred rite of Confirmation". His was an unlimited

ministry, offered to all who needed what He had to give without restricting reservations. Of course I was not unaware of the rubric at the close of the Order of Confirmation in the Book of Common Prayer, which states that "none shall be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed". But I had long ago been taught, and I believed, that that ruling, when it was originally introduced into the Prayer Book of the Church of England, later to be transferred into the Book that we now use, was never intended to be applied to adult members of other Christian bodies, of which at that time in England there were none. It meant simply that children, growing up in the Church, were not to receive the Holy Communion until such time as they had been confirmed. Every time I stood at the altar and celebrated the Holy Communion, I was reminded of the fact that Christ's Church, His mystical body, is "the blessed company of *all faithful people*". Is an adult baptized member of the Presbyterian Church not a "faithful person" and a fully constituted member of the mystical Body of Christ? Or a Baptist or a Methodist or what have you? No, in this parish throughout the days of my ministry here, Confirmation shall be a priceless privilege that is offered and should be cherished; it will never be a requirement or a condition to which a person who desires that total ministry must submit. The Communion Office itself makes unmistakably clear the three conditions of admission to the altar rail, by which every person, confirmed or unconfirmed, shall examine himself: (1) Do you repent you of your sins? (2) Are you in love and charity with your fellowmen? (3) Do you intend to lead a new life? These, and only these, will be required.

Thus my total ministry was opened to "all sorts and conditions of men". The adopted practice was printed and published in our parish bulletin. It was gratefully accepted by many. Interestingly enough, the vast majority of those who enlisted in our congregation in response to the invitation, soon after their admission, of their own volition came to me and asked that they be confirmed! I firmly believe that this action, taken in the summer of 1916, was most largely responsible for the increase of the communicant membership of Christ Church from 406, which it was in 1916, to something over 1500, which it had become when I retired in 1953.

Of course, what I did was in direct conflict with the established

policy and practice that prevailed in the Diocese of Chicago. One of our bulletins drifted into the hands of an irate parishioner of another parish and was sent by him to the Bishop of the Diocese. Bishop Anderson was one of the truly great men of the Church. That I already knew. I still think of him as one of the greatest and most deeply spiritual personalities I have ever known. He called me into his office. He said to me, "My son, I don't approve of what you have done in Winnetka. I couldn't and wouldn't do it myself. But you are Rector of Christ Church. For what you do in that parish you, and you alone, are responsible. If this bulletin that I have received represents your true feelings and convictions, as I believe it does, so be it." On that subject, I never heard from him again.

An example of the results of this policy came to light not many months after its announcement. It happened on a Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock service. I noticed in the congregation a woman whom I did not know, sitting in a pew with two young girls and an elderly man. As they left the church after the service, she introduced herself as a Mrs. Randall, said that these were her two daughters and her father, and gave me her address on Walden Road. She went on to say that they had recently moved to Winnetka where they expected to make their permanent home, her husband having accepted a position with the Inland Steel Company, that her father was Senior Warden of a parish in the northern peninsula of Michigan, and that she and her daughters would of course be members of our congregation. But, she continued, her husband was quite as strong a Presbyterian as she was an Episcopalian, his previous experience with the Episcopal Church had been rather unhappy, and, because there was no Presbyterian Church in Winnetka, he would of course affiliate with the Congregational Church.

A few days later (it was Washington's Birthday) I was driving south on Walden Road and found myself at the Randall residence. "Perhaps", I said to myself, "that resolute Presbyterian is home. I shall see." I stopped my car, walked up to the front door, rang the bell. Sure enough, there he was. He invited me into the house, we sat down in the living-room, and talked. I said, "Mr. Randall, I met your wife in church last Sunday and she told me that, in terms of church interest and affiliation, you are a divided family. I want to tell you that there is no necessity for that unfor-

tunate condition to prevail here in Winnetka. You can be a member of the congregation of Christ Church, receiving the complete ministry of our parish, and remain a Presbyterian till the end of your days. All you need to do is to bring me a letter of transfer from the church to which you now belong." He was startled and surprised. He said that he had never heard of an Episcopal parish in which such a state of affairs existed. "However, that is how it is here. Think it over", I replied. "If you want to share the full life of this parish, receiving with your wife and daughters everything we have to offer, it is yours for the asking." "By 'everything' ", he said, "do you mean that, without my being confirmed, I may receive the Holy Communion in your church?" "Exactly", was my answer. "In this parish, Confirmation is a precious privilege that is offered. It is never a condition or a requirement to which one must subscribe."

So I left the Randall home. The following Sunday, and week after week through the following months, the Randall family sat together in the pew (I can see them there as I write these words) half-way down on the south side of the church. The following spring, I announced the start of our adult classes for Confirmation instruction. As I always did, I invited non-Episcopalians, who wished to learn more about the ways and teachings of our communion, to attend these classes with the definite understanding that by such attendance they would not be committing themselves to Confirmation. Mr. Randall accepted the invitation. A few days before the Confirmation Service, he came to me and said that he had decided that he would feel more definitely a part of the parish to which he now belonged if he were confirmed. And confirmed he was. There is no doubt in my mind that, if that man had been told on his arrival in Winnetka that he could share the ministry of Christ Church only if and when he was confirmed, the Randall family would certainly have remained divided in their church affiliation, the parish would never have received the invaluable service of Clarence Randall that it was later to receive, and that his life would not have been enriched, as I have every reason to believe it has been enriched through the years and is being enriched today, by his association with Christ Church.

There were many such incidents. For the purpose of my story I shall relate only one.

It was my custom in those days to receive every Monday from a friend of mine in the Water Department at the Village Hall a listing of the houses in the community in which water meters had been installed during the previous week. In this way I was kept regularly informed of new Winnetka arrivals and it was my responsibility to see that every door-bell represented on those lists was rung each week before the following Saturday evening. In this way, I arrived one evening at the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Davis. There I met the Davis family—father and mother and their two young children, Peter and Sarah. They had just moved from New York City, where they had been closely and actively identified with the Riverside Church. There, Mr. Davis had ushered at the Sunday services and for years they had listened to the eloquent preaching of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who was probably the best known and most gifted preacher in the United States. This aroused my special interest. I thought of it as something in the nature of a challenge. Could I with my meager preaching ability hope to cope successfully with what these people had been accustomed to? However, I told my story and issued my invitation.

The following Sunday, Sarah and Peter were enrolled in our Church School and Mr. and Mrs. Davis were sitting together in our congregation. Their attendance continued with regularity week-after-week. The following spring, they heard my announcement regarding the classes for adult instruction, with my usual assurance that attendance at these classes would not commit those attending to Confirmation. They enrolled, attended the classes regularly, and were confirmed.

When our Church School was about to open the following September, we were desperately in need of teachers for one of our boys' and one of our girls' classes. My thoughts turned inevitably to Mr. and Mrs. Davis. There were the two I was looking for. One evening I went to their home, was ushered in and the three of us sat down. I told them of our need of Church School teachers. Without a great deal of persuasion, they accepted the assignments. In all my ministry, I have never known more consecrated or more competent Church School teachers. They ran away with the job.

A year or two later I had another, an even more difficult, problem to solve in connection with our educational program. The

choir-boys, who at that time sang at the 11 o'clock service, were not enrolled in the Church School classes, that met in the Parish House, because of the difficulty of transporting them after their class sessions to the church in time for their vesting before the service. Therefore it was arranged to have them meet in their own class in the basement room of the church. For sometime, the teacher of this class was George Getgood. George was a genius with boys. He was Director of Community House and a member of our congregation. The boys sat spellbound under his teaching. But now he had resigned his post at Community House and moved to Oklahoma. His place had to be filled. My thoughts immediately turned to Grenville Davis. "But what shall I teach them?", he said when I put it up to him. "Those boys range in age from 8 to 14 or 15. What can I possibly offer such a group that would hold their attention and do for them what George Getgood has been doing so well?" "Tell them about St. Paul", I said. "Help them to know St. Paul as the massive Christian figure that he was. There are books in my library that tell the story. I shall give them to you and you will come to know him not as a stained-glass saint, but as a great Christian disciple who can be admired and emulated today." Under Grenville's leadership that class became something that I am sure those lads, now grown to manhood, have never forgotten.

Since my retirement, Sarah and Peter have married and are living with their rapidly growing families out on the West Coast. Grenville and Kathryn have moved from Winnetka to make their home in Barrington, Illinois, where Grenville is a vestryman in the newly-formed Episcopal parish in that community.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Diocesan Maverick

I WAS ALWAYS a maverick in the Diocese of Chicago, and it was my own fault. I was never able to release myself from the background of my past experience and training. Born and bred in Grace Church, Orange, New Jersey, raised under the spiritual guidance of Dr. Alexander Mann (later the distinguished Rector of Trinity Church, Boston), who was succeeded by Dr. Charles Walkley, from my earliest years I was committed to the evangelical tradition. My three years of theological training at the Cambridge Seminary only served to deepen and strengthen that commitment.

My first experience in the convention of the Diocese of Chicago stamped me as the odd-ball that I was to remain throughout the years of my canonical residence in the Diocese. How can I ever forget it! As I sat in my seat as a member of the delegation from Christ Church, Dr. John Henry Hopkins, at that time (as I remember it) the senior priest in the Diocese, out of the goodness of his great heart rose to his feet, gained recognition from the chair, and proceeded to address the Convention somewhat as follows: "Gentlemen of the Convention, it gives me great pleasure to welcome and to introduce to the assembled delegates to the Convention of this Diocese the new Rector of Christ Church, Winnetka, Father Gerhard." Here was something shockingly new and strange in my youthful experience in the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. Never before had I heard that title applied to me. Before I was actually aware of what I was doing, I was on my feet addressing the Convention. My address, short and to the point, was somewhat as follows: "I am grateful, indeed, for the kind and generous words of welcome and introduction of our good friend. But I am impelled to say this to the Convention of the Diocese. There are just two persons in all the world who have the right to call me Father, and I don't see either of them here!"

It was a brash, crude response to a generous gesture. But it

served a purpose, however understandably impulsive it may have been. It left no doubt in the minds of those who were there as to who and what I was. The Diocese of Chicago, even then in the days of the beloved Bishop Anderson, was solidly committed to the High Church, Anglo-Catholic tradition. With equal solidity, I was an incurable, unrepentant Low Church evangelical. There were a few of my clerical brothers in the Diocese who were in agreement with me, but we were an increasingly small minority. As new mission stations were established, in every instance the clergymen who were brought in to be placed in charge of the newly-organized congregations were invariably hand-picked with reference to their Anglo-Catholicism. Each one of them had the same vote in Convention that I did. The result was that there developed a state of imbalance that became increasingly serious.

Inevitably, I became more and more aware of this unfortunate condition. More and more I became deeply concerned about it. For it meant that we of Christ Church, and the few congregations who were in agreement with us, were invariably out-voted on every question that might be brought up in Convention for decision, in every election, in every committee appointment. We were contributing more to the operating costs of the Diocese and of the National Church than were any other congregations in the Diocese, but we had less and less to say about how those contributed funds were to be used and about where and how they were to be allocated. It was rapidly becoming a condition of "taxation without representation."

So it happened that I found myself, quite unconsciously and involuntarily, moving in a direction opposite to the established traditions of the Diocese and of the growing majority of my fellow-clergymen. As the trend continued, I arrived at a decision that I had never before contemplated. I must do something to make unmistakably clear my resistance and protest. I must become a marked man. Wherever I should move, whether it be in my parish or beyond my parish out through the Diocese, I must be conspicuously what I was. Once and for all, I shed my clerical collar! It must have seemed to many of the people of Christ Church a strange and unaccountable decision that I made. However, just once through all the years was any question or comment made in my presence about it.

Perhaps there may have been—as a matter of fact, now as I

look back to those days I am sure there was—yet another motive for what I did. There was that ever-increasing number of unchurched non-Episcopalians to whom I have already referred, to whom I was so eager to offer my ministry in Winnetka. As I moved among them I came to realize that in their thinking, a clerical collar most often meant a Roman Catholic priest. Of course, it was a uniform that was also common to Anglican clergymen. But even then, I came to feel strongly that it was a handicap in my ministry to the non-Episcopalians. It was an obstacle over which I had to climb to reach them. So I did it. I didn't really like it. I was conspicuous, and I didn't like being conspicuous. But I was led by what I believed then, and still believe, to have been sound reasoning and in a good cause. Here for the first time, I have undertaken to give my reasons for what must have appeared to many a strange performance. I am glad to take this belated opportunity to express my gratitude to one and all for their forbearance.

However, there is one fact that I must emphasize as I reveal the differences and difficulties that developed in my relationship with the Diocese of Chicago. However serious they may have been, they were never permitted to affect or interrupt my personal loyalty to my Bishop—a loyalty which was consistently shared by the people of my parish—nor were they allowed to result in anything in the nature of estrangement from my fellow clergymen, among whom I counted many close and valued friends. Had this not been true, it is hardly likely that, in 1933, I should have been awarded by Bishop Stewart the Distinguished Service Cross—an award that was made at a diocesan gathering each year "in recognition of conspicuous faithfulness and effectiveness as a priest of the Diocese of Chicago".

As I now think back to those days following the death of our beloved Bishop Anderson, I feel that the thing that caused me most distress was the increasingly immoderate and, I believed, unjustifiable assertion of episcopal authority on the part of his successors. It was evidenced on many occasions and in various forms.

On one occasion, there came to my office, shortly after V-J Day, a mimeographed edict issued by Bishop Conkling and addressed to every priest in the Diocese of Chicago, in which I was informed that the "rule" that stated that no weddings should be performed during the Lenten Season, and that had been suspended

during the War, was now to be enforced. I wrote immediately to the Bishop and asked him to let me know where I might find the "rule" to which he referred. His answer referred me to certain books that had been written by three priests of the Church of England. I wrote again to Bishop Conkling saying that when I was ordained into the ministry of this Church I committed myself to loyal obedience to the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church and to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer; I never vowed to acknowledge the authority of indiscriminately-selected priests, who might write their own opinions or convictions.

Within twenty-four hours, Bishop Conkling was in the rectory. We sat down in our living-room and he said, "My dear friend, you don't understand what I am doing. I am offering you my godly admonition. You must realize what the Marriage ceremony is in the thought of the world and of our modern society. It is a social affair, involving a great deal of parties, dinners, and all that kind of thing. Surely, you must agree with me that there is no rightful place for that in the Lenten Season." "Exactly," was my reply. "That is indeed what the world and modern society would make of the sacramental rite of Holy Matrimony. A social affair. In my ministry, I am at war with the world and modern society for precisely that reason. I cannot and will not yield or give ground, which is what I would be doing if I were to accept your 'godly admonition'. In all my teaching—every time I meet with couples who come to me to be married, as I always do before the ceremony is performed—I try to make clear the distinction between what is commonly known as Marriage and what the Church calls Holy Matrimony. Marriage, as it is known in our modern society and as it is defined in the laws of the state, is a contractual agreement that is entered into by two people by their voluntary action. It is a partnership, which should be but which most often is not a sacred and holy thing. Having been entered into by mutual agreement, by mutual agreement it can be dissolved without dishonor. To the contrary, Holy Matrimony is a covenant relationship into which two people enter with God. There are not just two—there are three parties to this contract. When a man and woman stand before me at the altar rail and, in answer to questions that are asked, say, 'I will', surely they are not talking to me (I am

acting solely in a representative capacity) nor are they talking to one another. They are addressing God. This is my justification for declaring at the end of the ceremony, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder'." "Now, my dear Bishop," I concluded, "that is why I cannot accept your 'godly admonition'. I can see no more reason why I should not perform the Marriage Ceremony in the Lenten Season than why I should not celebrate the Holy Communion or why I should not exercise my priestly office in the Sacrament of Holy Baptism." And there the matter rested.

But there was ever the impact of society upon our wedding ceremonies. There was a certain dress-maker on the North Shore. She was exceedingly artistic and very skillful in her profession. Her services were engaged by many of our brides for the designing and fashioning of the brides' and bridesmaids' gowns. It was her apparently fixed idea that, at the time of a wedding in which she was involved, she should take over. On one occasion I was in the church to conduct the rehearsal for one of our "fashionable" weddings. There were, as I remember it, besides the bride, groom, maid-of-honor and best man, six bridesmaids and a like number of ushers. Our dress-maker friend was sitting in one of the pews, watching what was going on. When we reached the end of the betrothal, I instructed the bridesmaids and ushers to remain where they were at the foot of the choir steps and the bride and groom, with their two attendants, to advance to the altar rail. Our friend jumped up from her seat in the nave of the church, rushed forward, and declared in no uncertain tones, "No. We can't do it that way. They must all go up into the chancel." "But you see," I replied, "our chancel is too small to accommodate so large a number. If they all come forward, the people in the congregation will not be able to see what is going on at the altar rail." "But if they all don't come forward," she said, "the people in the congregation will not be able to see the bridesmaids' dresses!" That settled it. There was only one thing for me to do. I said, "I have this one question to ask. Is this to be a sacred, religious ceremony? Or is it to be a fashion show?" The bridesmaids and ushers remained where they were at the choir steps.

CHAPTER SIX

The Mind of Christ

IN HIS LETTER to the Christian people of Philippi, St. Paul had this to say: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." They are great and meaningful words. The Biblical scholars and theologians have had a wonderful time with them. Which is perhaps all to the good. Out of them they have spun an elaborate theology and we are unwise if we ever allow ourselves to underestimate the importance of theology. Out of this admonition of St. Paul there has come the important doctrine of the Kenosis. That in turn is closely associated with the doctrine of the Incarnation; and that is the very heart of our Christian conviction. I am sure that St. Paul, who was himself a theologian, would have approved of this reading of his words. But also it would seem that he was most of all interested in impressing upon the minds and hearts of his readers the importance of the primary Christian virtue of Humility. By the consistent practice of this virtue, they were to imitate in their own lives the impulsive action of God in sending his Son into the world.

The words have always impressed me. They have set my mind as a pastor to thinking how important it is, in all our thought of the Church, of the functioning of the Church, and particularly of the activity of the Church in the developing of a witnessing discipleship, that we shall get ourselves back to the Mind of Christ. However important theology is, it is always so easily possible that in our theological speculation the Mind of Christ may be obscured. We must know that the mind of the Church and the Mind of Christ have not always been one and the same, and we would do well to face the fact that they are not always one and the same today. So far are we in disagreement with the claims of the Roman Church for the infallible institution.

Surely it should not be difficult for us to recognize the Mind of Christ when we see it. There is nothing complex or involved about

it, as we find it in the Gospel record. He was a simple man talking to simple people. They understood what He was talking about. If we might only get back beyond the elaborations of theological speculation—beyond the involvements of ecclesiastical practice and procedure—to the elemental simplicities of the Mind itself! And having so penetrated, if we might only subject every question concerning the thinking and the life and the practice of the Church today to that acid test!

What is the Mind of Christ with respect to the Church that is His? It is a question of vast importance, especially when we are dealing with the religious education of the child. He is being trained into an experience within the corporate fellowship. If that training is effective, he will one day find his place within that fellowship and the witness that he shall bear will be part of the corporate witness. But will the Church in which he finds his place and within which he functions be the Church as we observe it today, offering, as it does, a partial and ineffective witness most largely because of its unhappy divisions? Surely we may hope for something truer and better than that. Surely we may keep in all our thoughts, as we prepare the child of today for adult membership in the Church of tomorrow, that that Church will more nearly approximate the fulfillment of Christ's own prayer that "they all may be one". Indeed, we shall fail unless he is now encouraged to make that prayer his own and unless he is taught to think of the Church actually as "the blessed company of *all* faithful people".

Therefore—what is the Mind of Christ with respect to the points of difference that keep us Christians apart from one another within the body of the Church? We know what the mind of the Church is. Tradition tells us that. What is the Mind of Christ? Do we dare face that question? It is dangerous—dangerous because devastatingly unpopular. It will not be approved by those whose primary concern is the institution. That was true of Christ Himself, was it not? He found Himself in conflict with the institutionalists, and His daring cost Him His life. And He warned His disciples that their lot would of a certainty be no better than His. So must it always be. What is the Mind of Christ as He thinks about the things that are to be held as true about God and about man and about the relationship between the two? We know what the Church has said and says. But what about the Mind of

Christ? If we might only restore that to all our thinking! If that might only once become our central concern, much that tears and fractures our tortured world might once for all be driven from our lives.

I remember sitting in some years ago on a meeting of churchmen of varying shades of theological and ecclesiastical thought and conviction. The subject under discussion was, 'Shall we have in the Church of Christ intercommunion before reunion?' May it be wise and right, for example, that an agreement be entered into between the Presbyterian and the Episcopal Churches at the present time, before actual union is effected between these two Christian bodies, so that adult members of the Presbyterian Church might be permitted to kneel at the altars of Episcopal Churches and that confirmed men and women of the Episcopal Church might in turn be allowed to make their communions in Presbyterian Churches? Is this perhaps a step that can be taken now in the direction of the final restoration of the unity of the Body of Christ, for which we all so earnestly pray? Two masterly papers were read, one from each side of the theological fence, and after the reading the meeting was to be opened for general discussion of the subject. The first of the papers started with the premise, "What is the mind of the Church on this matter?" Read it. It is all there in the constitution and canons and in the rubrics of The Book of Common Prayer. And what is there is backed up by the historic position of the Church and by long centuries of Christian tradition. It was perfect reasoning. And the logical conclusion was unmistakable and inevitable. The second paper was read. It started with the Mind of Christ. What has He to say about this important matter? The premise established, again the paper followed through with perfect logic, and it arrived at the opposite conclusion. Of course it did! It had to. If you are consistent and logical, the end at which you arrive is determined by the position from which you start.

So this is what we are to be concerned with first of all as we deal with the child in the parish. In all his original thinking, the Mind of Christ is to be central. We are to present to him this as the test by which he shall learn to think about life and to measure every decision that relates to life. We are to help him so to know Christ, and we are to introduce him into such an experience of Christ by all that he is told and taught, that the Mind of Christ

will become that which owns and controls his life. "Let this mind be in you." That shall be the acid test.

It is the night before His death. He has chosen the twelve. He has tied them into Himself with an unyielding and undying devotion. He has brought them through experience into conviction —at least, to a degree of conviction. They have said with one voice, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God!" He has made clear to them the task. It has been His task, His Father's business, the performance of which has dominated His life. It is now to be theirs. And with it all He has told them what is going to happen tomorrow afternoon. They find it very hard to believe. Persuaded that He is God's Anointed One, and retaining as they do the sure conviction of their Jewish tradition, it is difficult indeed for them to give credence to the thought that God would suffer His Only One to see corruption. But now they must believe it. Events have closed in on them. It is true. Tomorrow afternoon He will hang on a cross!

I wonder if we can visualize the state of mind and heart with which those men faced the inevitable fact. The record tells us that their hearts were troubled. That is putting it too mildly. They were in a state of abject despair. They had so depended on Him. They had been schooled to rely upon His physical presence. Everything was possible as long as He was there with them. They could have courage and confidence when they could look into His eyes and hear His voice and by physical contact feel the surpassing power of His presence. But now! He is no longer to be there. At least He will no longer be there as they have known Him. Of course He said, "I shall be with you always." But He meant spiritually present. And they were very human; and humanity requires something that can be seen and heard and felt with the hands to be made aware of spiritual presence. And what might they now have to take the place of that of Him that before could be seen and heard and felt, upon which they may now rely and from which they may now derive the power to go on?

Bishop Anderson used to say that "religion is power that comes to man from God through contact." It is an excellent definition. This is what religion always is. It is a spiritual and moral energy derived from God, without which a man's life cannot be

fully lived—or his problem solved or his questions answered or his burdens borne. And it must be supplied by a man's contact with God.

During my lifetime, I have known just three men who have helped me to appreciate what the presence of Christ must have meant to those men while He lived with them on earth. One was the teacher of mathematics in the school where I was prepared for college. That was strange, because I was never greatly interested in mathematics. But it wasn't the subject he taught that mattered. It was the man himself. And in my boyish eyes what a man he was! One was the head of the department of English literature at Princeton University. The third taught the New Testament in the Cambridge Seminary where I studied for the ministry. About each of these three men there was an intangible something radiating from his presence that did something for me. An inspiration, shall we call it? A spiritual invigoration? An energy that flowed from them to me? Who knows? Whatever it was (and I shall leave it to the psychologists to tell what it was) when I was with them what they said and did activated my mind and stimulated my soul. They gave me assurance, confidence, courage. They made me feel that all things were possible.

One hesitates to employ so human an analogy to suggest what it was that transpired between Jesus and His disciples. But may we go so far as to say that what came into my life from those three men was not unlike what Peter and James and John and the others received from Him? And they were schooled to utter dependence upon it. What now can they have in their lives—what tangible, visible, material thing can be made available to them—from which they may now derive the power to go on? This question in their minds and on their hearts was the occasion of their despair. And the question was in His mind too. They were at the time together in an upper room of a certain house in Jerusalem. As devout and pious Jews, they were engaged in the observance of the most solemn and sacred rite of their ritual performance. It involved the breaking and eating of unleavened bread and the drinking together of wine that had been blessed. Suddenly He had the answer! I have always been very sure that what He now said was unpremeditated and unplanned. It was completely spontaneous. It came to Him in a moment as a flash

from Heaven. He said to those disciples of His, "I tell you what you can have. This is what you can do. Do it—this that we are doing here now. Take bread and bless and eat it. Take wine and consecrate and drink it. Do it together. It has had sacred and powerful meaning for you in your Jewish past as you have done it. It will have more sacred and powerful meaning for you now. Because, as you do it, you will remember Me, what I have meant to you by way of courage and confidence and inspiration and dynamic power. The bread and the wine will always represent to you My presence—My body and blood. You will remember our days together—the joy of them, the peace of them, the thrill of them. Especially, you will remember the sacrifice I offer that all men everywhere may have life. And you will know that I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The Sacrament of Holy Communion. The Lord's Supper. The Mass. The Holy Eucharist. The Divine Liturgy. What difference does it make by what name we call it? It is still and always the outward and visible sign by which we may be made aware of His presence, and from which we may derive the power by which we may live. What a tragedy it is that this superbly beautiful and simple thing that He gave them to do has been so ritualized and theologized that we have largely lost the reality and the richness of the thing itself. For that is what has happened. It is all part of what has been well termed the movement away from Christianity to churchianity. The thing that He gave them to do was in His mind not only the Sacrament of Power. It was also to be the Sacrament of Unity and Fellowship. They were so very different from one another, those disciples of His. Different in background, different in perspective and point of view, different in nature and temperament. It was so important to the doing of the task that they should be one in Him, *in spite of those differences.* And this was to be the place where the differences should be submerged and unity should be found. Strangely and tragically enough, because of what the people of Christ have done with it, it has become the one place above all others where the differences have been accentuated and where, because of the things that keep them apart, Christians of varying persuasions cannot meet! So far have we departed from the Mind of Christ!

But it need not always be so. It may be, indeed it must be, that the child in the parish congregation, advancing into the years of his witnessing discipleship, shall find the parish altar, and what goes on there, the center of everything that pertains to the active life of the parish. For that he is to be taught and trained. To that end all his thinking is to be directed. But it shall be the action at the altar, as it was ordered and directed by the Mind of Christ, so far released from all the theological ramifications that have accumulated about it that its original beauty and simplicity may be recovered. That is our responsibility today. A new generation of witnessing disciples is in process of becoming. Shall they, grown to manhood and womanhood, be able to use this most precious of all the Church's possessions as Christ meant it to be used? Will it be for them both the Sacrament of Power and the Sacrament of Fellowship?

Here we must emphasize certain things that such effective use of the Sacrament entails. Because the mere fact that it is there, at the center of the parish thought and activity, does not necessarily mean that the disciple can or will make effective use of it. For this he must be schooled. To this all his education in religion within the parish is to be directed.

1. He must be made aware of the peculiar character of the age out of which we are emerging and of the nature of the age within which he will live and bear his Christian witness.

For the past many years men have been encouraged to live in disregard of God and without vital understanding of their need of God. Man was himself self-sufficient. He had within himself everything he needed to live by. It was the age of science and of technological advance. By his cleverness and by his wits he had conquered nature and brought the resources of nature under his control. By that same cleverness and by the exercise of those same wits he would live. He would of himself answer all the questions and solve all the problems and carry all the burdens that life might ever fling at him. God was a superfluity. Of course He was there. It was not an age that denied the existence of God. But it was an age that disregarded God. Actually, for all the ordinary purposes of the common life, He was non-essential. Such was the heresy upon which a civilization was built.

But the heresy has been exposed. Two world wars and what has happened since were largely responsible for the exposure. Hiroshima and Nagasaki finished the job. Now we see the dangers that are inherent in the development of the human intellect when it is allowed to increase in its knowing without a corresponding enlargement of man's sense of responsibility for what is done with that which, by his ingenuity, he has brought under his control. The civilization that was constructed upon the theory of man's self-sufficiency is in a state of collapse. We are very rapidly becoming aware of man's need of God and of the power that only God can supply wherewith to live.

2. But it is not only a man's need of God that the child must come to know and acknowledge. It is his own personal need, in terms specific, of which he must become aware. The temptation that is to be resisted, the habit that is to be mastered and overcome, the hard problem that is to be solved, the disappointment and frustration that are to be known and recognized for what they are—this specifically is to be in his mind as he comes to the alter seeking power. He must learn the necessity of so preparing himself before coming that he can put his finger on the thing for which the power is needed and to which it is to be applied.

How wise the Roman Church has been about this in its efforts to make available to its people the full purpose and meaning of the Mass. Before they come, they are to make their confessions. They are to present themselves to a priest of the Church, make acknowledgement of their failures, expose their need in detail, declare their desire. The wisdom of what is done, and the understanding that it involves of how it is that human nature operates, are perfect. We are unwise indeed if, because there is so much in the employment of the confessional of which we disapprove, we fail to acknowledge what there is in it that is of importance and value.

The child at the time of his Confirmation can know the meaning of this. He can understand the importance of clear understanding of his specific need as he comes to the altar. Say this to him: "When you go home this evening, say to your father, 'Dad, please give me five dollars.' What do you think he will say to you? Listen to the reply. It is certain and inevitable, "What do you want it for?' So it is, my child, that when you come to the altar seeking God's power, God says to you, 'What do you want it for?' And you must

be prepared to answer the question. And you will not be so prepared unless you have taken time before coming to make yourself ready. Go to the priest if you will, or to some other person who will know and understand. There is an advantage in that. We are so built, we humans, that it helps to tell somebody of our need. But in any event, be sure that you cannot hope to receive from God His most precious and needed gift unless you can answer His question. You must so make yourself ready that you know and acknowledge your need.''

3. There is something else. And it can be best expressed by the single word Regularity. This, too, the child can be made to understand. Sound physical health requires regular diet. People do not grow in strength and they do not maintain sound health if they eat their food as and when the thought happens to occur to them to eat. Hunger is an indication of health. Loss of appetite is the first indication of the fact that a man is under par physically. And it is just as true of our spiritual well-being. Was this not what Jesus must have had in mind when He said, ''Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness''? If we are wise, we shall see to it that the laws of spiritual health are faithfully observed. A habit will be formed, and the habit will be followed with regularity. In the Prayer Book, the Church lays it down as a bounden duty that the Christian disciple shall worship God every Sunday in his Church. It is more than a duty. It is wise and sound counsel.

4. There is one thing more. When the disciple engages in the act of worship, especially in the sacrament of Holy Communion, he shall approach the experience in the attitude of Expectancy. It is an event. Something is meant to happen. The worshipper in the pew has come there with need pressing upon his mind and heart. He is a man seeking. Do you remember how Christ emphasized that word "seeking"? And he comes hoping and expecting to find. He is there that that need may be satisfied. He has come with sin on his soul. He has been promised that, on condition of repentance, his soul shall be relieved of that sin. He is there expecting to be freed and cleaned. He has come seeking a fresh vision of Christ. It may be that there and then that vision may be his! He is there needing and desiring power, power to become, power to become that which God wills that he shall become. He has come uttering a prayer that

that power shall be his. The prayer continues to be uttered throughout the hour of the experience. This is what he is there for. This is what it is all about. Out of his experience he must come with something that will make a difference. And what he gains will depend upon how earnestly and eagerly he seeks. It will depend upon how greatly he expects to gain it.

> How silently, but silently
> The wondrous gift is given!
> So God imparts to human hearts
> The blessings of His heaven.
> No ear may hear His coming,
> But in this world of sin,
> Where meek souls will receive Him, still
> The dear Christ enters in.

This of course must be true of all who are involved in the act of public worship. It is more particularly something of which the men who are most of all responsible for the services and who are there to conduct them must be everlastingly aware. How easily we drift into a perfunctory performance. If that is what it is to us who lead in worship is it likely that it will be other than a perfunctory performance to those whom we lead? Just the regular eleven o'clock Service of Morning Prayer or the customary early service of Holy Communion. It is the kind of thing that happened in the worship experience of the Day family in "Life with Father". Just something that well-bred and well-behaved people do with their Sunday mornings to maintain their respectability. Could anything be more deadly! Could anything be less likely to produce results in spiritual invigoration and advance! What it is and what it becomes are mostly largely determined by the attitude of the man who conducts the service. Do we plan our services with thought and care? Of course we do so plan and prepare our sermons and addresses. We spend long hours on them, as indeed we should. But how careless we are about the rest of it. Do we pre-read and study the Epistle and the Gospel for the Day? Do we set our minds to the discovery of new and fresh meanings in the prayers of the liturgy? Those meanings are there if we will only take time to seek them. Do we select the hymns with care so that they will fit into and contribute to the central thought that is to be presented with force to the members of the congregation? Or is that left to the choirmaster to attend to? This may be the Damascus road for some member or members of

the congregation who sit and kneel in the pews. Do we approach the experience with that thought in our minds? And is it there as we conduct the service? All of which means that we of the clergy must, ourselves, plan and prepare the service, whatever service it may be, in the attitude of expectancy, making ourselves ready for an experience into which we lead our people and from which both they and we shall come with something that we shall have received because we hoped and prayed for it and expected to receive it. This must always be true.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Faith Articulate

PEOPLE have difficulty with the creeds. Of this I became increasingly aware as I engaged in my Winnetka ministry. The people to whom I had been sent to offer a teaching and preaching ministry were often unhappy and always baffled by what they were called upon to say when they stood up in their church and declared their faith. It was something that they had been taught and which they had learned to say by heart when they went to Sunday School as children. It was an essential part of the Church's ritual. The creeds, as they accepted and used them, were historic statements of the Christian faith which had an importance and value in the Christian tradition similar to the importance that is attached to the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence in the life and tradition of the nation. Those great and honored statements serve the important purpose of expressing in words what we as Americans believe, as the creeds express in words what Christian people have believed through the years as Christians. But, as I came to know the people of Christ Church, that wasn't good enough. If they were to use the creeds at all, they wanted to use them as declarations of their own personal faith and conviction and, in most instances, that was something they couldn't do. At least, they thought they couldn't. There were certain of these articles of the Christian faith over which they stumbled. This was the reason for their distress. And this, I came to believe, was a problem to which I had to address myself.

The main difficulty, as I came to understand and evaluate it, was that most often these troubled people were starting at the wrong end. They had never come to grips with the question that must come first. They were trying to describe the full circle before they had established the center, and that was an impossible thing to do. They were struggling with the secondary before they had settled the primary. They were deeply concerned about certain of the related doctrines of the Church, particularly those that concern the birth

of Christ and His resurrection from the dead and His ascension into heaven, before they had made up their minds about Christ Himself.

Of course, there was nothing new or exceptional about this. It took Peter and James and John—especially Thomas—a long time to make up their minds. They, too, found it very difficult. It was not hard for them to believe that He was the best and wisest and the most gracious person who ever lived. From the day they first met up with Him, they were ready—almost too ready—to acknowledge that. "Never man spake like this man", they said. "He speaks with a degree of authority of which we were never aware as we listened to others who talked to us about God." And what they said served to reveal the depth of the impression He made upon them. But that wasn't good enough. It wasn't good enough to satisfy Christ. He had said that He and His Father were one and the same, and that they who had seen Him had seen God. So He had identified Himself with God. At Caesarea Philippi, it would seem that they had almost arrived when Peter, obviously speaking for all of them, declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." But the limitations of even that openly-expressed conviction, which Christ accepted as the foundation upon which His Church should be built, were exposed when they were put to the test at the time of His crucifixion. It was the resurrection that clinched the matter. This was what finally did it for them. When He showed Himself to them alive by many infallible proofs, when He sat and ate with them, when, after they had watched Him die, He appeared before them and spoke to them of things that pertain to the Kingdom of God, when He said to them, "Reach hither thy fingers and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hands and thrust them into my side,"—then and only then did they make known their full and final conviction: "My Lord and my God!" And once that final conviction was theirs, all other questions were answered. Their difficulties were over.

So, I came to believe, it must be with the Christian disciple today as he undertakes to build his faith. That faith must never be permitted to be a mere something that he has inherited and that he unthinkingly recites when he comes into his church to worship. It must become something that he has made his own by intelligent and questioning effort. And the primary question must be faced up to and answered: What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?

Once that question has been honestly answered, all else falls into place. Once we are sure that He was and is everything He claimed to be, that they were not false claims that He made for Himself but claims that could be substantiated, that He was actually the Way He proposed and the Truth He proclaimed and the Life He offered—once that conviction has become ours as it was His, then those other questions that seem so difficult will have their answers.

It is the original venture of faith. Of course it cannot be comprehended, grasped by the human intellect, analyzed, dissected, proved, understood. If that were possible, it would not be venture nor would it be faith. It is true of the building of a faith as it is true of anything else that we undertake. We must start somewhere if we are ever to hope to arrive anywhere. And here the Christian disciple starts. How could it be expected or hoped that the mind of man could ever comprehend the mystery of God becoming man! But this much may be said: If the records we have are honestly faced and accepted as true records of historic fact, it is easier to believe that Christ was indeed what He claimed to be than it is to believe that He was merely the best and the wisest and the most gracious person who ever lived. For if what He said could not be substantiated and upheld, He was not even a good man. He was a braggart and the victim of self-delusion. His delusion was transmitted to His disciples. Christendom was built on fraud. That would indeed be hard to believe!

Here then is the base upon which the Christian disciple is to build his faith. Jesus Christ was right, absolutely right. What He said was true, absolutely true. We are dealing with the Mind of Christ, as it was exposed and expressed while He was here on earth and as we find it in the Gospels. He was and is the Unique One, the New Creation, the Chief Cornerstone. What was it that He said and what was it that He held to be true? What was the Gospel of Glad Tidings that He proclaimed about God and about man and about the relationship between the two? Once the answer to that question has been found and accepted, the faith of the Christian disciple rests upon a sure foundation.

Some years ago I spent a memorable evening with Dr. Edward B. Frost, the blind astronomer. He was universally recognized as one of the great astro-physicists of his day, in spite of the fact that during the last fifteen years of his life he never saw the light

of day. He was the head of the great Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, and it was there that I met him. For two wonderful hours one beautiful July evening, he talked to me about his beloved stars. He permitted me to gaze through the giant telescope. We discussed light years, interstellar space, Saturn and Arcturus, the galaxies of the heavens. It all led up to a question that was irresistible. There were young people in my parish, many of them, who were having great difficulty with their faith. In spite of everything that had been done to lay firm foundations during their early years, when they went off to school and college they were being told by their teachers of science that there is no God and that, if there is, He doesn't matter. Christ was a myth. In the world of modern science there is no place for God or for the things of the spirit. I was greatly troubled. Again and again I talked with them, but I was always just the parson talking. And what do parsons know about modern science! So the irresistible question came out. "Dr. Frost", I said, "you are a scientist. A great and world-renowned scientist. You enjoy a world-wide reputation because of your scientific learning. You speak with authority. You have spent a long lifetime studying the stars. What about your faith? To what conclusions about God have you come as a result of your scientific study and research? What do you believe?" His answer came without a moment's hesitation. "These two things", he said, "I have come to believe, to both of which I have been led by my study of science, of both I am very sure. First, I believe that back of and above and beyond the created universe is a Creator. To believe otherwise doesn't make sense. I cannot accept the conclusion that those stars arrived where they are by and of themselves. Something or Someone must be responsible for their being there. That, I believe, is true of everything that has life, and particularly it is true of man. To that that gives life, I give the name of God. Second, I have been led to believe that what is in back of and above and beyond the created universe is possessed of what we call Mind. How else can we account for the order and the precision and the regularity of movement within the created universe? There is law in operation; law necessarily implies a law-giver; a law-giver implies the capacity to think. I can conceive of no other possible or reasonable conclusion. Such, my friend, is my faith!"

It was something, and a great something, by way of personal

conviction. I was grateful to have it come from such a source. We may well pray that many more of our teachers of science might say the same kind of thing with like assurance and humility. If they did, there would be fewer of our young people coming out of our schools and colleges with minds full of what they don't and can't believe, and there would be many more coming out with positive and affirmative conviction.

But was it enough? Would it satisfy the Mind of Christ? Every religion down through the years has involved a belief in the kind of God of whom Dr. Frost was speaking. If Christ had offered nothing more than that, He would have added nothing to what had already been brought into the minds and lives of men by many hundreds of other teachers of religion. It would not have been the Good News of Glad Tidings, because it would not have been news nor would it have been particularly good. Christ took it for granted that men believed in Dr. Frost's God. He never discussed it or argued about it or attempted to persuade men of its truth. He assumed it. But one thing He did that no other before His day had ever done. He gave God a new name. He called Him Father. This was His unique and unparalled contribution to the religious and theological thinking of the race. That new name defined God's nature. It told what God is like. By the use of the title Father, Christ was saying that God not only creates that which lives and that there is intelligence in back of the processes of creation, but that He continuously is concerned about, cares for, loves that which He creates. Such is the very nature of a father. And such was the faith that Christ brought into the world. This is what the Christian of today must mean when he stands in his church and declares, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

But even this was not all there was to it. Now He is talking about man as the final achievement of God's creative effort. He is saying that not only does God give man life but that He is continuously interested in, cares for, loves man whom He creates, and not just man generally in the abstract but men one by one! Now we are coming very close to the heart of the Glad Tidings. We are His own, and He calleth His own by name! Even in our stupidity, in our selfishness, in our willfulness, in our waywardness, in our sin He loves us. This was Christ's point of greatest emphasis.

About this there must be no mistake. He was determined to drive it in, and He told story after story to make it unmistakably clear. A shepherd has a band of a hundred sheep. One of them is lost. So what? He still has ninety-nine left, has he not? Why be concerned about one lost? Not so God. So greatly does He care about the one that He leaves the ninety-nine and seeks that which has been lost till He finds it. A woman has ten pieces of silver. She loses one piece. So what? There are nine left, are there not? Why be unhappy and concerned about the one? Not so God. He is like that woman who lights a candle and sweeps her house and seeks with diligence until that which has been lost has been found. A father has two sons. The younger of the two, having possessed himself of his patrimony, takes himself into a far country and engages in a career of sinful degradation. But when he returns to his father's house, having come to himself and having achieved a contrite heart, the father is waiting to greet him with a love undiminished. "So greatly does God care for the one", said Christ. "If you would know what God is like, this is it. Such is the worth of the individual human personality in the sight of the almighty Father God."

What an incredible faith it was. But it was central. And they took His word for it. Upon this original disclosure of Christ, a civilization was built. And for the defense of this central truth, tens of thousands of brave men in our own day have gone out to lay down their lives. For this reason, and for this reason alone, we call the cause for which they fought and for which we are called upon to live a Christian civilization.

Now let us ask this question: How does love operate? What does it do? How does it function on behalf of the beloved? It is human language that we use and it has its limitations, but it is the only language that we have to use. At least it will help us in our approach to the meaning of the greatest of God's mighty acts in the redemption of man. A man has a friend. He has known him all his life; they grew up together; he loves that friend of his. In course of time the friend moves away and they are separated by years and miles. Word comes to this man that his friend whom he loves is in trouble, serious trouble. It is true of course that what happened to cause the trouble is the friend's own fault. He himself is to blame. No one else could reasonably

be held responsible for it. But that doesn't affect the thought and feeling of the man himself. It doesn't alter his love. He is nevertheless impelled. Because he loves he must do something about it. He must act. What shall he do?

It would seem that there are just three possible courses available to him. First, he can write his friend a letter. He can put into his letter all the love he has for him; he can admonish him; he can advise him; he can and will express his hope and desire for him. The letter is written. It is warmly appreciated. It helps. But it doesn't succeed in changing or saving the friend. Second, he can send to the friend in trouble a person in whom he has confidence, to whom he makes known his desire and hope, who will represent him as his agent or representative. This also is done, and it helps. But the friend is still unsaved. There is just one course still open. It is difficult; it is dangerous; it may cost him his life. But because he loves he cannot stop short of the ultimate resource. For surely, it is the surest and most effective thing he can do. Yes, he will do it. He goes himself!

So it was with God and with His love for men. Man sinned, and all the pain and suffering that were his lot were the result of his sin. He could not save himself. God, because He loved, must act. And the three possible courses were available to Him. He could write a letter, and that He did. We call it the Holy Bible, the Word of God. In written form it is God's revelation of His will and desire for sinful man. It helped, but it didn't wholly succeed. He could send His agents or representatives to speak and act for Him. This also He did. They were called prophets, and they spoke for God to man. They also revealed to men the will and desire of the loving God, and they too helped. But their coming was at best a partial success. At long last, He came Himself. In the person of a man named Jesus of Nazareth He came, now not just to tell men of God's love, but to make that love known by demonstration. If it be true that "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends", what shall be said of the Love of God! It was the surest and truest way by which man might be saved. He came Himself—and it cost Him His life.

Such was the conviction at which the disciples arrived as a result of their experience of Christ. This was the meaning that

they found for all that He said and for all that He did and for all that He was. In their thinking, He could not be explained or defined in any merely human terms. This was why He died. It was God's way of making His love known by demonstration. It was the Good Shepherd going out into the wilderness to seek and to reclaim. It was God lighting a candle and sweeping the house diligently. It was the Father rushing out to welcome the son who, even in the far country filling his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, was never allowed to be unmindful of the Father's continuing, pleading love. So we stand in our churches and declare, "I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son our Lord, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven."

The last part of Christ's disclosure of who and what God is was reserved for the night before He died. It was then that He completed the picture. We read about it in the Gospel of St. John from the 14th through the 16th chapters. Now the disciples were to know that God is not only He who creates and loves that which He creates, but that He provides to them who will have it the light and the strength and the power by which they may fully live. He is the indwelling, the enabling God. He is God the Comforter. The word as we have it in the text with which we are most familiar is misleading. It was not misleading at the time the King James translation appeared. In our day, to comfort has come to mean to give solace or consolation. The meaning that was in the mind of Christ was so very much more than that. He was assuring His disciples that the loving Father God does not leave men without resources that they need to carry on. He is not a distant, far-away God who is separated from men in time and space. He is God with men and God within men. He is God the Holy Spirit.

This then was the promise that Christ gave His disciples in the hour of their deepest despair and dismay. "Ye shall receive power —power from the indwelling and enabling God. He will not leave your powerless. He will not withdraw and desert you. Let not your hearts be troubled. Just believe in that kind of God."

And that promise was fulfilled. On the Day of Pentecost it was fulfilled. Every year we commemorate the great event in the historical experience of the Christian Church on the day we call Whitsunday. We shall not hold the account as we have it in the

Book of Acts to an exact and literal reading. St. Luke, who wrote the record, was using highly symbolic and imaginative language. He was trying to describe the indescribable. He talked about "a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind" and of "cloven tongues like as of fire that sat upon each of them". All that is relatively unimportant. It doesn't affect the stunning reality of the actual experience. "They were all with one accord in one place". That was important. They were together, as Christ had bade them to be together, knit solidly into the fellowship for which He had made them responsible. They were agog with expectation, waiting for that to happen that He had promised. They believed with all their hearts that what He had said must come true. And the Spirit came into their lives, to make everything possible to them and, through them, to the world!

Such was the faith that the disciples gained through their experience of Christ. Such was the faith that they proceeded to carry out into the world in which they lived. It was the Gospel of Glad Tidings, which they were charged to transmit to men of all time everywhere, who were and are today in desperate need of it. It is the story of God who gives life, who cares for that to which life has been given, and who is continuously within that which lives, charging it with the dynamic force by which life may be lived fully and abundantly.

But what about this business of the Trinity. To the mind of the man in the pew, the very terms are confusing and baffling. "God in three persons". The expression is baffling because the word "persons", in the language that is commonly used, means people. How, I was asked again and again, can it be possible that there is one God and three different distinct people? What does it mean when we talk about God the Father, who creates, and God the Son, Jesus Christ, who saves and redeems and who is present with us in the Sacrament of the Holy Communion, and God the Holy Spirit (Holy Ghost) who dwells within and guides and offers spiritual and moral power? Doesn't that mean three different and distinct Gods?

Of course, the difficulty arises from the use of the word "persons". It is a word that is never found in the teachings of Christ. It doesn't appear anywhere in either the Old or the New Testa-

ments. It never appeared in the language of the Christian Church, until the simple Galilean Gospel which had been so readily grasped and comprehended by the simple minds to which it had been originally presented, had been taken out and introduced to the Greco-Roman world. We have only to read the Epistles of St. Paul, who was the God-elected instrument through whom chiefly that penetration was accomplished, and compare the Gospel as there expressed with the utter simplicity of the teachings of Jesus, to appreciate the change that took place.

There were two characteristics that especially marked the world out into which St. Paul moved with the Gospel. In the first place, it was a highly sophisticated and intellectualized world. Those were the days of the great philosophers and metaphysicians. In all the years before or since, there has never been an age when the human mind has been so deeply involved in and concerned with the profundities of human knowledge as it was when St. Paul went out to plant the Christian Gospel in Ephesus and Athens and Corinth and Rome. The transformation that took place was undoubtedly necessary and inevitable; but nevertheless it was most largely responsible for the difficulties in comprehension which today exist. Throughout my Winnetka ministry, I was constantly concerned with an effort to penetrate back through the elaborations and accumulations of the Pauline theology and to re-interpret Christian theology in terms of what I believed to be the simple Galilean teaching of Jesus.

The other important characteristic of that Greco-Roman world was its intense interest in drama. It was inevitable that Paul's teaching should be translated into terms that were related to that active interest. And here we come to the use of that word "person". In the dramatic presentations of the Greeks it was not unusual, indeed it was customary, for one actor to take several parts or roles. In one act or scene he might be the hero, in another the villain, in another some quite subordinate role. For each he wore a different mask, to effect a disguise and so to make his dramatic presentation complete. So, it was said, in the drama of Life there is one Actor (God) who plays three different parts or roles. One God—three Impersonations.

Such was the burden of my teaching and preaching throughout my years in Christ Church. Was it completely orthodox? Would it be approved generally by our present-day theologians? I was not sure; nor indeed was I greatly concerned about gaining that approval. At least, I was making an honest effort to render the message and teaching of the Church intelligible to the man in the pew, and especially to the young people of our parish. When Jesus was here on earth, we read, "the common people heard him gladly". That could never have been said if the words He had employed to articulate His message had been unintelligible or difficult of comprehension. I was merely concerned with offering that same message in similarly comprehensible terms.

CHAPTER EIGHT

He Calleth His Own By Name

THE TERM Pastor is a word of great and honorable meaning in the language of the Christian Church. I was never aware of the full implications of the term until long after I had completed my theological training and had been ordained. At that time I had yet to come to an understanding of the actual significance of this most important of all the functions of the Christian ministry.

Perhaps that is how it must always be. It may well be that only through experience after ordination can a man be expected to come to a full appreciation of what is meant by the pastoral ministry. From the reading of books and by keeping his ears open in the classroom he can learn much about the methods of operation and about the psychological techniques of that ministry. But the ministry itself involves a deeply personal relationship between the pastor and the people to whom it is offered. Upon the vitality of that relationship the effectiveness of the ministry depends. That knowledge comes to a man only through active, soul-searching experience.

With the offices of bishop, priest and deacon it was all very different. That we were taught in the theological seminary. We came to a high appreciation of those orders of the sacred ministry within the structure of the historic Church and to an understanding of what they are and of what they involve. We learned in the classroom about their respective ranking and duties and essential importance. With the ministry and the office of rector it was also different. Our dean, who lectured to us on what was strangely referred to in the school catalogue as "pastoral theology", had himself at one time been the highly respected and successful rector of a large and important metropolitan parish. He was a real teacher, and he taught us out of his experience all we needed to know about the office and functions of the rector as the administrative head of a parish. He gave us to read and study a book, of which he was himself the author, that told the story of a great institutional parish in New York City, and when I left the semi-

nary I had done a fairly good job of mastering the contents of that book. As I now remember it, I passed my final examination in pastoral theology with a creditable grade. And too, with the ministry of the preacher it was different. At least, in the seminary I gained a fair knowledge of what a preacher should be, of how sermon subjects should be selected and of how sermons should be prepared and constructed and delivered. Our class in homiletics did that for us.

But the ministry of the pastor was something else. When I left the seminary, presumably ready to embark upon my ministry, I knew very little about that. As I now look back to those long-ago days, I am very sure that I hadn't then derived anything in the nature of a clear conception of the profound meanings of that ministry. I think I came close to it when I read a book, anonymously authored, entitled "Pastor Pastorum". I have lost that book. Somewhere along the way it was loaned, and it never came back! But I have always remembered it as the story of the intimate relationship that existed between Christ and His disciples. It was rich in suggestion and it made a deep and lasting impression as I read it.

The thing that I had still to learn, when I graduated from the seminary and was ordained, was that Pastor is not an ecclesiastical title. It is not an order of the sacred ministry, as are Bishop and Priest and Deacon. It is not something that a man comes by necessarily and almost automatically as a consequence of his ordination. It is not an office that a man acquires, as in the case of the Rector, by virtue of his election by a group of men who constitute the vestry of a parish. It is none of these. It is not official at all; rather, it is deeply personal. It is a way of operation within the whole ministry of the Church. It is something that may belong to every order and to every office. Indeed, it must belong, if the man occupying the office shall ever reap the fairest fruits and find the greatest satisfactions of his ministry. It is warm, intimate, affectionate. It is a relationship, supremely personal, that may exist between the minister and the people to whom he is sent. It must be earned and won; it can never be simply bestowed. It is to be achieved always by living in close personal contact. He who shall have it must live so close to his people that he comes to know them by sharing intimately both their joys and their sorrows, to love them both for what they are and, more particularly, for what they may become. It is a ministry that is built upon the pastor's faith in his people.

It is exercised from within-out rather than from above-down. It is never a duty, an obligation, a chore. (Is anything more tragically ineffective than is the pastoral call that is made as a matter of duty!) It must always be a joy, a rich and precious privilege.

Such was the ministry of the Good Shepherd, as we read of it in the Gospels. Surely there was nothing official or institutional about it. Surely it was ever warm, intimate, personal. It was founded upon and it was motivated by His love for people and His faith in them. It was made possible by the intimacy of His relationship with those to whom His ministry as pastor was offered. So closely did He identify Himself with them in their living experience that He became a scandal to the institutionalists. They charged Him with being "a gluttonous man, a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners". He offered no answer to the charge. They were the ones whom He had come to seek and to save. If this was the way it might best be done, it was the way He would most surely do it.

The man who aspires to be a pastor is wise if he follows the pattern of Christ's ministry. He will seek to establish that kind of contact with the people to whom he ministers. This will be true of the adult members of his congregation. More particularly will it be true of his ministry to the children and the youth in his congregation. Whatever they shall grow into by way of spiritual maturity and witnessing discipleship will be largely the result of his success in accomplishing this end. Much will depend upon the educational program that is set up in the parish, upon the teaching material and the equipment that are made available in the Church School, upon the willingness of qualified men and women of the congregation to accept the responsibility and to make the necessary sacrifices involved in their educational leadership. But everything will depend upon the pastor himself, upon the relationship that is established between himself and the children of his congregation, and upon his ability so to impress his vision of the pastoral ministry upon the parish that it will permeate every parochial activity that is in any way related, as the total program of the parish should and must be related, to the growing and expanding life of the child.

My education into the meaning of the pastoral ministry and into an understanding of what a pastor is began one morning as I was riding my horse through a canyon in Wyoming. I was a missionary in that western district, and I made this trip every week

from my rectory home to a coal mining town that was one of the stations to which I had been assigned. It was a seven-mile ride each way. I would ride up Sunday afternoon, conduct the evening service in the small frame chapel, spend the night with Grandma Dudley, and ride back home the following morning. In the spring and autumn, the ride through the canyon was gloriously beautiful. In the summertime, it was apt to be insufferably hot. This happened to be mid-winter, and the thermometer registered 35° below zero. As I rode, my mind went to musing: *Only fifteen people out last evening. Not much of a congregation. Pretty hard to work up much enthusiasm for this kind of a thing. Talk about the drama and the thrills of the life of a missionary! Not much drama or thrills about this. Not too bad in May or October. Pretty tough when it means riding seven miles in 35-below weather.* So it went on and on. Suddenly there sprang into my thinking a phrase. It was something I remembered saying last Sunday morning, as I stood at the altar celebrating Holy Communion. I was haunted by it. There it was; and, as I rode, I found myself repeating it to myself over and over again: "Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven". *Why, that means those fifteen people up there in Cambria, each and everyone of them! For them and for their salvation He came down from heaven. So greatly did He care. That is why I was there last evening. They don't know it, and I was there to tell them. So greatly did He care. This is what all riding up and down through this canyon is about. So greatly must I care!* Right there my education into the meaning of the word Pastor began. That kind of thing isn't learned in classrooms or from reading books. It must be discovered through experience.

The education continued some few days later. Again I was on my horse. (It must be remembered that those were days when automobiles were not available to the missionaries of the Church, as they so fortunately are today!) This time I was on my way to perform the marriage ceremony for a man and woman who had been living together unmarried as man and wife for several months, and to baptize their child, in their ranch home some forty miles from where I lived. I had started early in the morning, ridden through most of the day, and it was now well on towards evening. Out on the range I came on a shepherd, his horse and dog, and his band of sheep. I had never before talked with one of these men. I had heard about them. I had been told that the life of the shepherd

is the loneliest life a man can live. I wanted to find out how he lived so completely alone for weeks at a time without human companionship, what he thought about, how he bore his loneliness. I stopped, and we talked together far into the night. Many things I learned as we talked. But most of all I discovered how he thought about and how he cared for his sheep. He even had names for them! That interested me immensely. As far as I was concerned, they were just a band of sheep, utterly indistinguishable. I couldn't tell them one from another. Except for some differences in size, they all looked alike to me. Not so to the shepherd. He knew them as distinct, separate, individual sheep, each one of them the object of his personal interest, his concern, his caring. He had an explanation for it. He explained it by the fact that the sheep has not been equipped by its Creator with the means of self-defense. It is a defenseless creature and it needs protection. Later I came to learn that such concern for the individual sheep is characteristic of shepherds.

That night, before I went to sleep, I opened my New Testament to the 10th chapter of St. John's Gospel and read: "He that entereth in by my door is the shepherd of the sheep. The sheep hear his voice, he calleth his own sheep by name, he leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and they follow him, for they know his voice. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. I know my sheep, and am known of mine. I lay down my life for the sheep." How often I had read those words before. Now I was beginning to understand something of what they mean. He was talking to people who were familiar with the habits of sheep and shepherds. He was of course talking to them in their own language. They knew what He meant when He spoke to them about the shepherd whose own the sheep are not. He did it for pay. He was a hireling; and, when danger appeared, as it so often did, "the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep." Before I closed my eyes that night, I was on my knees saying, "Dear God, keep me from ever being a hireling. Help me, teach me, to be a good shepherd of the sheep."

I was beginning to learn—learning by experience. The shepherd means the pastor, and the pastor means the shepherd. The two words are interchangeable. This is the inner character of the pastoral ministry. "He calleth his own by name."

CHAPTER NINE

The Church And The Child

THE CHILDREN of the parish and I had a game that we played together. This was some years after my days in Wyoming. It all started one morning as I stood at the door of the chapel to welcome them as they streamed in for the worship service with which the sessions of the Church School always began. One after another, as they came up the steps, greeted me with a grunted and almost inaudible "Hello" or with a smiling "Hi". Something had to be done about that! When the time came for my address, I announced that I had discarded the address that I had prepared for that particular morning and that the subject of my meditation would be "Grunted Greetings". We decided then and there that thereafter, whenever we met up with one another, whether it be at the door of the chapel or in the corridors of their schools or anywhere out in the village, if either they or I should indulge in any such impersonal greeting, the one greeted should say to the greeter, "What's my name?" If the right answer wasn't forthcoming, a penalty must be paid; and the penalty we agreed upon was one ice cream soda or its equivalent.

Of course I was at a great disadvantage playing that game. There were three or four hundred of them and only one of me. But I found a way of overcoming the disadvantage. I prepared in my office a filing drawer with 365 cards, one for each day of the year. On each card were the names, the nicknames, the home addresses and the years of birth of the children of the parish whose birthdays occurred on that particular day. The first thing to be done, when I arrived at my desk each morning, was to write a letter to each of those whose birthdays fell on the day following. It was a personal letter, written in longhand, never typed or dictated. That was important. They had a hard time reading my handwriting, but we had to take our chances with that. The important thing was that it was my own letter, written by myself, to each of them, on what was for the particular child the most important day of the year—My

Day. The letters finished, a prayer was said for those to whom they were addressed, referring to each one by his or her name. This too was of very special importance. And they were mailed.

There were those who asked me, "How do you possibly find the time for those birthday letters?" and, "How can you afford to give so much time to writing them?" The answer was easy. I was exercising my pastoral ministry. The whole operation each day consumed possibly a half-hour of my so-called precious time! It paid out richly in spiritual dividends, and the rewards were great. It wasn't long before my disadvantage was evened out. We were calling one another by name.

But there are others within the organized life of the parish to whom the pastoral ministry belongs. It is a shared ministry and a team activity. Every person who is in contact with the growing life of the child and who holds a place of leadership in that life must catch the idea of "calling his own by name" and share with the pastor his concern for the individual. They too are to be pastors.

Some years ago I sat in with a group of my brother clergymen discussing many things connected with the work of the Church and with our common ministry. We had that kind of informal get-together from time to time, and not infrequently it proved to be even more profitable than were the more formal gatherings in conference and convention. On this occasion, there were perhaps a dozen of us, all close friends. As we talked, the conversation gravitated to a discussion of what it was that had brought each one of us into the ministry of the Church. The interesting fact emerged that every man in the room had in his boyhood sung in a parish choir and that the original impetus that had eventually carried him into the priesthood had come into his life while he was engaged in that service. Furthermore, more than half of us singled out the choirmaster as the one person in his life through whom, more than through any other, the impetus had been imparted.

It was a revealing incident. It fortified my conviction that the boy choir is a training school of incalculable importance, and that the man who occupies the office of choir director is entrusted with an exceptional opportunity as well as with a responsibility of far-reaching significance.

But everything depends upon the man himself and upon how

he regards his job. He will avail himself of the opportunity and he will discharge the responsibility just insofar as he succeeds in establishing between himself and those under his leadership the pastoral relationship. As he thinks about his choir, he must visualize it as a single important section of a total parochial program, the primary purpose of which is the development of Christian personalities and the production of awakened and aroused discipleship.

Unfortunately, this is not always what happens. Too often the choirmaster is a man whose thought of his job begins and ends with the putting on of a first-rate musical performance. It is that for which he has been appointed and it is that that he is expected to do. If he does it well, nothing more can be expected of him. He is probably a man of rare gifts as an organist. He is highly qualified as a trainer of singing voices, and he knows all that he can be expected to know about choral music. But he has a blind spot—and this is the tragedy of it. He has no inherent liking for or interest in boys as boys. To him, in his thinking of them, they are not unlike the stops in his organ. Just as impersonal as that. They are (at least, potentially they are!) musical instruments, to be trained and used as such. All will be well, and he will have done what he has been called and is expected to do, if the congregation on Sunday morning, and especially the vestry of the parish and its music committee, approve of the performance they render.

It is indeed a tragic misconception. The boys of the choir are not musical instruments. They are human personalities. The first job of the choir and of the choirmaster is not to turn out an approvable musical performance. Rather, it is to take the raw material, represented by those human personalities, and to transform it into converted witnessing discipleship.

During the years of my parochial ministry, it was my good fortune to have two men as choirmasters who splendidly avoided the error. I refer to Horace Whitehouse and to Robert Birch. They thought of themselves first of all as pastors; and they thought of the young people in their choirs primarily as objects of their pastoral ministry. Fortunately, they were both also accomplished musicians, excellently qualified as trainers of voices; for which reason the parish, while they were with us, was doubly blessed.

One of the two had a special reason for his interest and atti-

tude. He had five sons of his own. During the years he served our parish probably two hundred lads came under his inspired and inspiring leadership. The contribution he made both to them and to the Church cannot be fully evaluated. Just one instance must suffice.

I have in my hands a letter, dated December 15, 1953. It was written by Ernie Campbell, and I shall let Ernie speak for himself:

"This morning I received two letters in my mail from two men who had a great deal to do with my being ordained last Saturday. One of them was Dr. Horace Whitehouse and the other was you. I have never been sure that you ever knew the whole story of how I came to Christ Church, but I am sure that I will always remember it as one of the greatest days of my life. It was the beginning of a new life. I was baptized a Christian in the Roman Catholic Church, of which both of my parents were members, and almost at the same time they became disturbed about something, which I never really understood, and they dropped completely out of active membership. This left both my sister and me in a very sad position, for neither of us went to Sunday School. I used to delight in making fun of the kids who had to 'dress up' on Sunday morning while I could play around and read the funnies. It wasn't until I was nine years old that my father gave me the idea to join Christ Church Choir.

"I remember very clearly how Dad and I walked over to the Parish House one Saturday morning and I made one of the most important steps of my life. As I recall, the Choir was rehearsing in the auditorium for some reason and Dr. Whitehouse was the Choirmaster. After the rehearsal I told him that I wanted to sing and he asked me if I could. He hit a few notes on the piano, I sang, and he told me I was in.

"Little did I know what I was getting into, especially when I walked out the front door and was hit by a stream of water and a tennis ball at the same time.

"The next great man that was to come into my life through joining the Choir was Skipper.* I am sure that I worshipped him long before I worshipped God, but it was he who helped lead the way. I still have that letter from Skip telling me that half of my tuition at Camp Douglas Smith would be paid if I could pay the

* George Getgood

other half. I think it was about $35. This was the beginning of my life as a camper, and every summer since I was nine I have been at a summer camp. My tenth year at being a camp counselor came at Teton Valley Ranch, where I was head counselor and was making top pay. I have come to love that kind of life more than many people will ever understand, and it all started through the Choir.

"Your part in God's plan came my Freshman year in college. You called me into your office and suggested that I should consider going into the ministry. I remember that I was really floored! At that time I could never see myself as a priest and I think at the time the whole idea seemed impossible. Through your inspiration and prayers and through the many people who came into my life and pointed the way to God, I know now that it wasn't impossible—because I am now a priest!"

A single incident re-called out of a long parochial ministry. But it was neither exceptional nor unrepeated. Indeed, it has happened again and again in many another parish. A lad drifts into the orbit of a parochial contact. He finds himself in association with men who think of themselves in terms of the pastoral ministry. They offer him the opportunity to yield his life to Christ. At some point that opportunity is seized. A new disciple is born. A life is richly dedicated to the service of God.

Again and again it is said that "The children of today are the Church of tomorrow". It is one of those dangerously deceptive half-truths which, however impressive and appealing on the surface, can easily do untold damage in the working-out. It is true of course that the young people who are growing up in our congregation at the present time are they to whom the Church must look for leadership and for devoted and intelligent service in the days that are ahead. Upon them, grown into Christian manhood and womanhood, great responsibility will rest. As spiritually mature Christians, they will be challenged by the problems of the community, of the nation and of the world which, however compelling those problems are today, will surely be no less so in the tomorrow in which these young people will have to live. Whether or not the Church of tomorrow will address itself to those problems more effectively and with greater influence than it is doing at the present time will depend upon what is done now.

The whole truth is that the children who are with us in the present hour are not just "the Church of tomorrow". They are a vital part—indeed, the most vital and challenging part—of the Church of today. They must now be our first and most constant concern. The total active life of the parish must be built around and for them. The pastor's ministry is to be exercised on their behalf. His interest in them, his understanding of them, his love for them must be communicated to every person in the congregation who stands in the position of educational leadership.

Most important of all, whatever happens by way of training the children of today into an awakened and intelligent Christian discipleship will depend upon the quality of Christian life that is lived in the parish, upon the wholesome fellowship that prevails, of which the children of the congregation are made aware, upon the Christian standards that are not only taught and proclaimed but lived. This is why those of us who operate within the structural life of the Church, as it functions on the parish level, have come more and more to realize the importance of taking stock of the spiritual attitudes that prevail within the congregation. Every parish is called upon to make an honest and accurate evaluation of its faith, as that faith is not only proclaimed from the pulpit and enunciated in a creed, but as it is manifested in the lives of the people. What they do for and with each other is the barometer by which the faith is to be determined rather than what they say and do when they meet together on Sunday mornings. The children of the parish are to be introduced into a fellowship that is charged with the spirit and purpose of the Living Christ. They are to be proud and glad to enjoy the high privilege of becoming a part of it.

This is what is meant by "taking stock". Is this parish, of which I am a part and for which I am responsible, a reflection of the Christ whose Name we so proudly bear? Is the stranger, as he comes to us, easily made aware of the warmth that Christianity most surely implies? Do men "take knowledge of" us that we have "been with Jesus"? Are the members of this congregation known and evaluated for who and what they are rather than for what they have? Do we as parishioners live lives that have God at the center or is something or someone else at the center? They are soul-searching questions; but they are the questions that must be asked and answered. For they bear heavily upon the effectiveness of the min-

istry that is offered to the children for whose growth in Christ the Church, as it functions within the life of the parish, is responsible.

All of which means that the ministry of the Church to the child is the business not only of the rector but also of every adult member of the congregation. The rector cannot be expected to do the job alone. He must lead and direct, and he must provide the vision and the inspiration. But the lay members of the congregation must accept his leadership and must share his vision. They also have their ministry, into which they were ordained when they knelt before the bishop and were confirmed. "The priesthood of all believers" is an expression that has come to have great and important meaning. It means that the Christian faith is not something that is to be accepted and kept but rather it is something that is to be won and shared. It means that the lay membership of the Church must become articulate about their faith. It means that they who "profess and call themselves Christians" shall be "led into the way of truth", that they shall "hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life". It means that they will "show forth God's praise not only with their lips but by and in their lives, by giving up themselves to God's service, and by walking before Him in holiness and righteousness all their days".

Such is the parish that has undertaken so to re-order its thinking and so to re-establish its ways of operation that it will exercise an effective ministry to the child. Whatever the Church may be in the future will depend upon how well that ministry is performed now. We have come a long way since the days when we thought of Christian education as a matter of bringing together the children of the parish once a week and pouring into their immature minds certain information and certain facts relating to the Bible and the Church and the creeds. We have at long last discovered that it actually means introducing the child into an experience within which he will find himself confronted by the Living Christ. Somewhere along the road he may make his glad surrender. That is our hope and our prayer. At some point of time he may be able to say, "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. Now that I have become a man, I have put away those childish things." For that we strive.

CHAPTER TEN

A Parson In War Service

ON MARCH 12, 1917 the United States declared war against Germany. At long last our Country was committed to aggressive involvement in the war which, ever since 1914, so many had hoped and prayed might be avoided. I had been engaged in my ministry in Christ Church a bare nine months. I felt a clear duty to get into uniform. I couldn't bear to watch so many of the young men of my parish go out into their military service while I remained safely and securely at home. What would I have to say to them, what would they think and what would they have to say to me, if I remained behind while they went out? And yet, I could not release my thinking from my sense of obligation to my parish. I was torn between two conflicting duties.

I took my dilemma to the Vestry. With one voice they told me that I should go. They refused to accept my offered resignation and said that I should be granted an extended leave of absence to continue as long as my services were required, that my stipend as Rector should be continued, and that my family should remain in the Rectory. It was action of extreme generosity for which I have always been grateful.

Immediately, I applied for admission to the Chaplains Corps of the United States Army. I waited patiently until the following June, when I received orders to report for training at Camp Zachary Taylor in Louisville, Kentucky. There I spent six long, torrid weeks—studying, drilling, being made ready for my military service. At last the training-period was over and we were ordered to report in the mess-hall after supper to receive our orders. There we sat as the names were read out in alphabetical order, each of the 400 of us wondering who would be the lucky ones to be sent overseas. That was what we had enlisted for. That was what everyone of us most of all wanted. They went through the A's, the B's, the C's and on through the F's. So far every was ordered to report

at one or another army camp in the States. As his name was read, each slunk out of the hall in an attitude of utter dejection. Then the G's! Now my turn had come! Now I should know! And then I heard the voice of the Commanding Officer: "E. Ashley Gerhard, Lieutenant. Report September 1 to the Chaplain at the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey!"

I leaped to my feet and rushed out into the night. I had just a week to get together my overseas equipment. Completely ready, I walked into the office of the Port Chaplain in Hoboken on September 1. He read my orders, turned to me, and said, "Glad to welcome you, Chaplain. There is your desk over in the corner of the room!"

So there I was, not after all on my way overseas, as I had hoped and planned, but stationed, as far as I then knew, in the office of the Chaplain in Hoboken, New Jersey. Words could not express my disappointment and dismay. Not that there might not be interesting and probably important work to be done there at the place of my assignment; but I had so anticipated European duty. However, I was to discover that there was to be relief from my dismay. Troops were pouring into the Port of Embarkation from camps scattered all over the country, to be embarked and sent on their way. They were to be forwarded with words of encouragement and cheer and with prayers for their safe return. In equally large numbers, sick and disabled men were coming back from their combat duty overseas, to be welcomed with understanding and sympathy and to be provided in every case with the necessary attention and care. Very soon I found myself involved in a Christian ministry to which I became completely committed.

I find in my files a copy of a letter that I addressed to the people whom I had left behind in Winnetka, under date of October 3, 1918. I reproduce it here to give some idea of what at that time my war service involved:

Dear People of Christ Church:—

More than a month has passed since that wonderful service on the First Sunday in September, our last together before I left you to take up my work amongst the men of our great American Army. As I look back on it now and try to appreciate what it meant to me, I realize how strange it all seemed—how incomprehensible that I should put behind me all those associa-

tions upon which I had come so to rely and that ministry that I treasured above all else and launch myself into an experience of which I knew so little. How little did I know then of where my new work should lie. How vague was my thought of what I should be given to do and of how I should do it. All I thought of, all I cared for, was that somewhere were thousands of American men who had ventured to pledge their all for an ideal, that their venture constituted my responsibility and my opportunity, and that someday I should value my present ministry according to the measure in which I might now fulfill that responsibility and meet that opportunity. I thanked God then that you so willingly made possible my going; and daily since that time my gratitude to Him and to you has increased. For I have become increasingly conscious of the value of this that He and you bade me do.

No, I must qualify that statement. There were days when, I must acknowledge, I questioned the advisability of the step I had taken. Those were the days when I realized for the first time that my assignment overseas was to be postponed, if not entirely and permanently denied me. France was my objective —the only goal for which I cared. And Hoboken was the end at which I was destined to arrive! Only one who has lived as I have in the immediate neighborhood of that much-joked-about German-American city can appreciate the inevitable humiliation attaching to that destiny.

But at that time I did not reckon with the possibilities involved in a chaplaincy at the Port of Embarkation. I had not then had the experience of clasping the hands of men who had said the final good-bye to their loved ones and who were setting forth upon a voyage whose perils were the greater because unknown. Nor had I had then the privilege—the high and blessed privilege—of being the one who should do for them the first thing and say to them the first word as they again set their feet upon the soil of the homeland. Now I know. And now, although I have been told that I am not to be of that favored company which ministers in the Name of God to American men upon the field of battle and although my orders prevent my sharing of their hardships and my joining in their sacrifices, I give thanks. For I have come to understand that the most important work to which I can give myself now and for months to come, not even excepting that at the Front, is to be found in Hoboken and New York City.

It may be that you will be interested in knowing why and how I have arrived at this valuation of this work. I can help you to know that by telling you of certain instances which reveal the mind and the spirit of the men to whom I am ministering here. There I have found the meaning of this work.

My business is, so far as I can, to conserve the results of this warfare as those results are to be found in the hearts and minds of the men whom America has sent forth. Those men are to remake our Country. The character of the nation that we shall be, the nature of the people that we are in the process of becoming, are to be determined by the manhood which shall flow back into our home communities out of this welter of struggle and bloodshed. It is for us, by suggestion and by influence, to help these men appreciate the meaning and the value that the spirit which they bring back with them has for the America of Tomorrow. The more I see of them the less I fear for the Nation that we are to be.

Jerry is a red-headed lad, some six-feet-two-or-three in height and with a smile that would warm your heart, who looks as though he might yesterday have been following a plough in some Kansas field. He has just returned to the land he loves after eight months active service at the Front. There he lies on the wire litter on which he has been carried out of the cabin in which he has spent the nine weary days of the trip across, waiting to be borne across the gang-plank to the little Government vessel and thence carried to the hospital down-harbor. As I kneel by his side, seeking the word which will tell him something of the joy we have in his safe return, I discover why he is carried rather than being allowed to walk. Both of his legs constitute the price he has paid for being a soldier of this free nation. "Well, old fellow," I say, "you have certainly given almost everything to your Country, haven't you?" "That isn't the way to look at this thing, Chaplain," is his splendid reply. "You see, it is this way. Before I went into this scrap I was a stone-cutter by trade. Ever since I was a kid that was how I made my living. And now I am back, able and ready to take it up again. True, they got my feet. But any time I can get someone to roll me up to my block of marble and put my chisel in one hand and my hammer in the other. Thank God they left me those!" I should give much to be present to mark the note of possession in Jerry's voice the next time he sings, "My Country, 'tis of thee."

And too the young Italian lad. I think he was on that same ship. Before he went into the Service he sold newspapers on the streets of New York. Then came the great call and he volunteered. That was something more than a year ago. Now he was returning—the life of the ship, they told me he was, in spite of the fact that a German bullet had taken the sight of one eye and another had left him with but one foot. He was hobbling about the deck when I went up to him, to offer him my acknowledgment of the service he had rendered and to cheer him with the thought that he still had an important place to

fill in the common life in America. And then he told me his story. Oh, how they love to tell their stories, these undaunted lads! "It happened at Chateau Thierry, Chaplain. We had made our first advance and I was one of the first over the top. Then the Hun got me just as my company fell back. There I was, lying on the field with nothing left of this eye and my foot feeling as though a steam-roller had just gone over it, when along came a German officer. He gave just one look at me and saw that I wasn't yet done for. So he pulled out his gun and he plugged me right here." And then that Italian hero, with a look of pride on his face, that I shall never forget, turned back his shirt to show me a wound not more than a half-inch above his heart. I thought of him this past week, when I saw a poster calling upon the American people to offer their dollars to the cause to which we have pledged our all, and read there, "Lend the way they fight!" If we should lend the way they fight Uncle Sam would have had his Six Billions within twenty-four hours.

Sometimes I am asked if the Chaplain, doing this kind of work, has a real chance to minister along definitely religious lines. My answer is that, provided the question has to do primarily with winning men to the Master and only secondarily with drawing them to the Church as the means to that all-important end, the opportunity is boundless. Never have I seen men so alive to the worth of ideals and so ready to acknowledge the Ideal of the Christ as the single hope of the world. The door is wide open. If we will only have the faith and the hope and the love to avail ourselves of that open door!

Casey is a lad who only today was discharged from the Hoboken Hospital after four long weeks of Influenza and its dread complications. Day after day I have sat at his bed-side, waiting and praying that the delirium should pass. For a whole week the doctors told me there was no possible hope. At last though, the fever broke and the upward climb began. I had never "talked religion" to him. But one morning just a few days ago, I carried in my hand a little book containing some prayers and Bible readings, and a few of the more familiar hymns, and I said to him, "Casey, would you have any use for this?" "If you had asked me that a month ago" he answered, "I would have said, 'Not on your life.' But things are different now. I know now that, when a fellow gets as sick as I have been, the doctors have done all that they can do and the nurses have done all that they can do—and then it is up to God. Well, a fellow would be a pretty poor sort who would come out of this kind of thing and then forget the One who pulled him through. I don't think I'll wait again till I am

down before I say the prayer I used to say at my mother's knee. Yes, Chaplain—I sure do want that book."

And here is my final answer to the question. I walked up the gang-plank of a vessel a day or two ago which had just docked. Across the deck stood a group of twenty men—wounded men, I thought, just returned from France. Going up to them I said, "Well, lads, how did it go with you over there?" "We haven't been over there" they answered. "Well, how do you happen to be on the boat?" "Oh" they replied in a chorus, "they picked us up five hundred miles out at sea. We were on the 'Ticonderoga' going across when she was torpedoed. We all got into the lifeboats and were well clear of the vessel, when the blooming submarine began to shell us. They sank all the boats but ours and killed a hundred men. Our boat, they tied to their stern—and then they submerged. I guess that Hun captain thinks to this day that he took us down with him. But something happened—it must have been the Hand of God—and the hawser snapped and we were set adrift. For four days and three nights we drifted—drifted without an idea of where we were going or if ever we would be picked up. We managed to keep alive with the food that we found in the life-boat. And at last, along came this boat and she took us in." And then they told me this. You will forgive me, my people, if I say that it was the most thrilling part of their wonderful story. "And you know, Chaplain, nobody can tell us that it was anything but God's own Hand which kept the bow of our boat headed through all those days and nights in the direction of the spot on the surface of the ocean where the transport should find us. Nobody can tell us—because we prayed and we know. Every morning we detailed those who should hour by hour do the day's work. One man was detailed to keep the look-out, one was detailed to row, one was detailed to steer, one was detailed to bale out the boat, and one was detailed to pray. And here we are." Is there a chance for a chaplain to bring to hearts, touched as those hearts had been touched, the Word of God!

So this is the work to which you have sent me and for which I daily give thanks. At the present time there is being constructed, in the Grand Central Palace in New York City, a hospital which shall have a capacity of three thousand patients. It will be the greatest institution of its kind in the country and it will receive day after day the men who are today rendering their splendid service overseas. My orders are to take charge of all work that will be done there, other than medical and surgical, for the welfare and comfort of the men. It it difficult now to refer in detail to what that work will be. Sometime in the future I shall write you of it and try to tell

you what it is. But what I have said in this letter will help you to understand why I count it a high privilege. It will be a continuous chance to meet these men as they return and to help them to know and feel that that which they bring back with them is what America needs above all to make her really great.

God bless you all. I miss you more than I can say.

Faithfully your Rector,

E. ASHLEY GERHARD.

I spent six weeks in Hoboken, working mainly in the hospitals amongst the Army and Navy personnel who were victims of the influenza epidemic which was raging at the time. In mid-October I was assigned to the staff of the Commanding Officer of the hospital, to which I refer in my letter to the Parish. The Army had taken over the Grand Central Palace, a 12-story building that occupied the block that was bounded by Park and Lexington Avenues and 46th and 47th Streets. As Chaplain, I was made responsible for the entire welfare activity in the Hospital—Red Cross, YMCA, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board, etc.

As I came to understand and know it, it was a fascinating job. Almost daily the transports were bringing into New York harbor shiploads of disabled men. They were brought into our hospital, to remain and be cared for until they should be transferred to the various general hospitals all over the country. With most of them, during the few days while they were with us, it was a problem of re-building morale, and that was the problem that had been assigned to me.

I had as my assistant a man by the name of Rem Ogilby. Rem and I had been close friends and classmates in the Cambridge Seminary. On his ordination he had gone out to the Philippines to work under the great Bishop Charles Henry Brent. When the war broke for the United States, Bishop Brent was appointed Chaplain General of our overseas forces, on the staff of General Pershing. He wrote to Rem, who was then Headmaster of a boys' school in the Philippines, told him to get himself back to the States and into the Chaplain's Corps, and assured him that he (Bishop Brent) would see to it that he was called to overseas duty. One day I ran across my friend on the streets of Hoboken. He

was the unhappiest man I had ever seen. He had followed his bishop's directions, had received his commission as Chaplain, had arrived at the Port of Embarkation on the very day that orders had come out from Washington that no more chaplains were to be sent overseas. I was just at that time setting up my welfare organization in the debarkation hospital. I needed the help of a man like Rem. I succeeded in securing his appointment as my assistant.

One afternoon there came into my office a Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Of course I knew Mrs. Reid as the widow of the former United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James. She told me that she had heard about what we were trying to do, with very limited funds, in our welfare organization in the hospital and that she wanted to help in any way that I might suggest. Of course I had plenty of suggestions to offer, all of which she gladly accepted. And then she said, "I don't know where you two men are living. I should be glad to have you occupy the top floor of my house on Madison Avenue." So there we were, Rem and I—our barracks in one of the most palatial mansions in the City of New York.

Now an amusing thing happened. Don Dallas, one of our Christ Church vestrymen, dropped in to see me while he was on a business trip in New York. I welcomed him, told him about what we were doing, showed him over the hospital. He left me with a promise to carry my greetings back to my beloved people in Christ Church. He happened to return to Winnetka on the day of the annual parish meeting. Mr. McIlvaine, as Senior Warden, was presiding in my absence. My Dorothy was seated at his right. In the middle of the meeting Don stood up to fulfill his promise to me and to make his report to the assembled parishioners on his visit in New York with the Rector. He said, "You will all be glad to know that I have just returned from New York, where I had a delightful afternoon with our Rector in his hospital. He is well and very happy in what he is doing. He asked me to bring his loving greetings to you. And he is living with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid!" Dorothy collapsed and all but fell under the table. The assembled people of Christ Church let out peals of uncontrollable laughter. "Imagine! Our Rector, away from home, living with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid!" One and all agreed that that was one of the most successful meetings of the people of Christ Church ever held.

There was an interesting aftermath to my war service. I was discharged from the Army in March 1919 and returned to my people in Winnetka. Shortly after my return, Dorothy and I were dining one evening in the home of Winnetka friends and I found myself seated at the dinner table next to Mrs. Donald Forgan. She had been very active during the War in Red Cross work, working especially with the blind. I had become greatly interested in and concerned about several blind men who had been brought into our hospital after their combat service overseas. Apparently their morale was fairly good until their ships entered New York harbor. They were becoming reconciled and adjusted to their tragic state. Then, strangely enough, they underwent a kind of a moral collapse. The prospect of meeting families and friends and of not being able to see and recognize them was something that was too much to bear. They were invariably a serious and extremely difficult problem in morale. So it was natural that my dinner-table conversation with Margaret Forgan should gravitate to the topic in which we were both so deeply interested.

Suddenly my thoughts turned to a blind man who lived right there in our community. For some years I had known William Hadley intimately in the Rotary Club and was devoted to him. For years a teacher in the Chicago public schools and a brilliant scholar, at the age of 55 he had become totally blind and was retired on a meager pension. He had then come with his wife to Winnetka, here to live out the remaining years of his life. "Wouldn't it be wonderful" I said to my dinner companion, "if you and I might do something right here at home about William Hadley?"

A day or two later, the two of us called on him. He was a great-hearted man of indomitable spirit. From time to time he would say, "When your life's ambition has failed you, pick up a new thread of endeavor. Make your renewal of effort count for other people and eliminate yourself entirely from the gain." Now he told us of a dream that he had for years entertained. It was a dream that he had discussed with others in the community, but at the time no progress had been made towards its fulfillment. His idea was to prepare question-and-answer lessons on various subjects in Braille, either in his home or in some other available place, to send them out to blind people whoever they were and wherever they might be, and to receive and correct the "papers" as they were re-

turned. In other words, he was interested in resuming his teaching career in spite of his blindness by setting up and operating from Winnetka a correspondence school for the blind—something that had never before been attempted.

It was a fascinating idea, but costly to put into operation. I discussed it with Dr. E. V. L. Brown, a noted Chicago ophthalmologist who lived in Winnetka. He assured me that the Hadley dream was both sound and feasible. It was not long before the enthusiastic interest and support of others were secured, funds were found to make at least a beginning, the required equipment was purchased, space was provided in Community House as a base of operations. In the year 1921 the Hadley School for the Blind was incorporated as a non-profit organization under the laws of the State of Illinois, with William Hadley as its operating head. There he carried forward the fulfillment of his dream until his death in 1941. He was succeeded by Franklin Dean, another blind man and a devoted member of Christ Church, whose cremated remains now lie in our Churchyard.

The School now has its own beautiful new building on East Elm Street. As I write I have before me its annual report for the year 1961. It shows a student enrollment of 1800, of whom 1504 are citizens of the United States and the remaining 296 are scattered in foreign countries throughout the world. As I look back over the years it is interesting to know that the origin of this truly great enterprise was a least partially involved in a casual dinner-table conversation in one of our Winnetka homes!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Missionary Parish

THE General Convention in 1919 took revolutionary action relating to the missionary program of the Episcopal Church. The funds available to carry forward the missionary work of the Church were woefully inadequate. Missionary bishops were leaving their various districts for months every year to travel to wealthy parishes in the east, to appeal for the funds necessary to the carrying-on of their all-important work. Some were more successful than others. At the 1919 Convention it was decided that this method of raising money for the vast missionary enterprise of the Church was wasteful and inefficient. From then on the program of the Church was to be set upon a sound, economic base. There was to be a carefully prepared general budget. Proportionate quotas were to be assigned to every diocese, and in each diocese quotas were in the same way to be assigned to every parish. There was to be a great Nation-wide Campaign, operated in very diocese and in every parish, to secure the money required to give full and adequate support to the whole work of the Church.

I was frankly excited by the news of this action of General Convention. Since coming to Christ Church, I had been distressed by the lack of understanding in the parish of what the Mission of the Church was and by the corresponding meagerness of extra-parochial giving. As I now remember it, our parish budget at that time was approximately $15,000.00. Our total annual missionary giving was $1700.00! My impoverished congregation in Baltimore had been doing better than that! I discussed it with the Vestry again and again, and I was told that the people of Christ Church could not and would not be persuaded to give more. Now, I said to myself, is our chance to discover what the mission of the Church really is. Here is the challenge this parish has needed. Now we are provided with an opportunity to make known to the people of Christ Church what the real job of the Church is, both at home and

abroad, and to awaken them to a full appreciation of their responsibility for the support of that work. Now we shall listen and respond to Christ's challenge when He said, "Go ye into all the world".

The first thing I had to do was to find the man who would head up the campaign in our parish. I didn't have far to look. Howells Coffin, a member of our Vestry and a devout and devoted churchman, was equipped with the vision and imagination to see what this all meant in terms not only of raising money, but, far more important, of re-vitalizing the spiritual life of the congregation and of bringing our people to a full understanding of the meaning of Christian discipleship. Equally important was the fact that he had had experience in the kind of effort that this undertaking would involve. Throughout World War II he had headed up the Liberty Loan campaigns in Chicago and Cook County with striking success. He was the one man in Christ Church who was born to the job.

I took the challenge to Howells, and he accepted without question or hesitation. Immediately he went about setting up his campaign organization. Within a matter of days he had chosen his team captains and gained their agreement to serve. Through them, the team members were found and appointed. Meetings of the campaign organization were held and every man was given full information as to what it was all about and as to why he had been called upon to play his particular part in this great effort. Group meetings were also held throughout the congregation so that the people, upon whom the calls were to be made, would be made aware of what the ringing of their door-bells would mean in terms of their sacrificial giving.

Three weeks before the campaign was to be launched, the wholly unexpected happened. I had a telephone call from Lewis B. Franklin, Treasurer of the Church, from his office in New York informing me that I must be released for six weeks from my parish in Winnetka—that I was to go out into the Pacific Northwest and set up and operate the Campaign in the Missionary District of Spokane and in the Diocese of Olympia! I was to meet with the vestries of the various parishes throughout that area and tell them the story that was being told in Winnetka. Of course I had to go, and I went. Now it was up to Howells Coffin, as far as the success of

the Nation-wide Campaign in Christ Church, Winnetka was concerned. Before I returned, I received the welcome news that the missionary pledges of the people of our parish for the 3-year period totaled $24,000.00 per year!

What an awakening it was! From that day until the present, Christ Church has been a missionary parish. Not once since then have we failed to accept and to pay in full the quota assigned to us for extra-parochial giving. Year after year we have held first place among the parishes of the Diocese of Chicago in the amount of missionary contributions. It is a place that we have been glad and proud to hold. A tradition was established back there in 1919 which, I have no doubt, will continue undisturbed down through the years ahead.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Guild

THE EARLIEST available records of Christ Church state that in 1905 the President of the Woman's Guild was Mrs. Elizabeth Powell, that there were 37 members of the Guild who held 42 meetings during that year with an average attendance of 11, and that the year's receipts were $1,026.66. That same year the Rector's wife, Mrs. Henry G. Moore, was President of the Girls' Friendly Society, the membership of which was 30. Also there were the Woman's Auxiliary, the President of which was Mrs. James G. Weart, and the Altar Guild under the leadership of a Mrs. Martin.

This seems to have been the origin of what was later to become the Woman's Guild and Auxiliary of Christ Church. On my coming to the Parish it was decided, in the interests of more effective organization, to unite all the groups that involved the women of the congregation into a single inclusive organization. In 1916 Mrs. William H. Merrill was President, in 1917 Mrs. Donald Dallas, in 1918 Mrs. George Farnsworth. Thereafter the presidents seem generally to have been elected for two-year terms: 1919-1920 Mrs. Charles McKinney; 1921-22 Mrs. Edward P. Bailey; 1923-25 Mrs. William Woolfolk; 1926-27 Mrs. Randolph Buck; 1928-29 Mrs. Ernest S. Ballard; 1930-31 Mrs. John N. Vander Vries; 1932-33 Mrs. Ralph Sargent; 1934-35 Mrs. George Wilson. Mrs. George Nelson served a one-year term in 1936 as did Mrs. Hill Blackett in 1937. Mrs. Harold Wilder was elected to the presidency in 1938 and continued in office through 1939. The office was occupied in 1940-41 by Mrs. D. Bligh Grasett, in 1942-43 by Mrs. Erskine Wilder, in 1944-45 by Mrs. Chester Cleveland, in 1946-47 by Mrs. Joseph Houston, in 1948 by Mrs. W. Donald Roberts, in 1949 by Mrs. Donold B. Lourie, in 1950-51 by Mrs. Jerry Voorhis, and in 1952 until the time of my retirement by Mrs. Thomas C. Jones. I recount in this way the leadership of The Guild, as it came commonly to be known, because these several women, with their various

and many co-workers, were responsible for the development of the coordinated effort of the women of Christ Church, which grew in loyal and immensely valuable service not only to the Parish but also to the Episcopal Church at home and abroad. Again and again I turned to The Guild for assistance in various projects with which I found myself especially involved. That support was in every instance extended in full measure. To enlarge the intelligent appreciation of the faith and work of the Church was ever the dominating motive in back of the Guild's program. Lenten classes were provided. to study various phases of the missionary work of the Church, which were invariably well attended and helpful. Courses for instruction in the Bible and in the faith of the Church took place during the Advent and Lenten seasons, usually led by the Rector but not infrequently by members of the faculty of the Seminary in Evanston. At the weekly meeting on the first Wednesday of each month, speakers were brought in to address the members of the Guild on subjects of timely and important concern. Throughout it all, funds were raised to support the work of the Church in parish, diocese, nation and throughout the world.

Much has been said and written both pro and con about rummage sales as means of raising money in the Church. This main money-raising activity of our Guild was a project of which I always strongly approved and to which I invariably gave my whole-hearted support. It began in 1925, while we were still in the old Parish House on Oak Street. Discarded articles of every sort and description — clothing, furniture, household goods, toys, books — were brought in by the women, sorted, cleaned when necessary, priced by a committee which labored with unremitting zeal, eventually to be sold at low cost. The receipts of that first sale were $1,312.12. Year after year it grew as the idea caught hold and more and more people became interested in using this way of disposing of their worn-out and out-grown possessions. Not only did the interest of our women increase, as expressed in the increasing amount of the articles to be sold, but more and more people of limited means, all the way from Chicago on the south to Milwaukee on the north, came to look forward to the second Thursday in October each year—the day on which the Sale always took place—as an opportunity to buy at low prices the various things they needed for their families and in their homes. For sometime there was the problem of storage of the many articles that were delivered to the old Parish House. This problem

was solved when we moved into our new quarters on Maple Avenue, where the unfinished attic space on the third floor, originally designed as a curate's apartment, became available. During my years in Christ Church, the high point was reached in 1946, when the Sale was conducted under the chairmanship of Mrs. Richard Parsons and when the total receipts amounted to $15,017.91. Since that time they have been more than doubled. To me the most satisfying feature of the whole project was the genuine satisfaction and pleasure that the women themselves derived from it, in spite of the long hours of hard work that it involved. Always eagerly looked forward to was the first meeting after the Sale, when reports were received from the chairman of each of the several committees, strange and amusing incidents that had occurred were recalled, suggestions offered as to how the next Sale might be improved in one way or another. And then the meeting of the Executive Board, when the proceeds were allocated: so much for each of the diocesan agencies, so much for this, that or the other missionary enterprise, so much to the Vestry to be applied to the missionary program of the Parish. Altogether it was an exciting and exhilarating experience.

There were other money-making activities of the Guild. Each year a Christmas Sale and another in the spring of the year, at which were sold articles that had been made by the Guild members at their weekly meetings. Very little of the funds raised was assigned to the needs of the Parish or to the overhead expenses of the Guild. Almost all was appropriated to diocesan activities and to the work of the Episcopal Church at home and abroad. It was indeed a parochial guild, stimulating and strengthening the friendliness and fellowship within the congregation. The contribution that the Guild has made through the years in welcoming new families as they moved in to make their homes in Winnetka, in cementing friendships, in creating within the congregation of Christ Church an atmosphere of Christian companionship cannot be over-evaluated. And it was an auxiliary—auxiliary to the whole Church in parish, diocese and throughout the world—providing to our women an invaluable opportunity to know their Church, to gain an intelligent appreciation of its work, and to provide the means with which that work might be generously supported.

One other of our women's groups, meeting separately but actually an integral part of The Guild, was the Evening Guild. It consisted of a group of women who, due to their household duties, were not able to attend the Wednesday meetings of The Guild but were eager to have a share in the organized activities of the women of the Parish. They met in the Parish House on Thursday evenings, for many years under the leadership of Mrs. Frank Smith, subsequently under Mrs. Arnold Thorsen and Mrs. Peter Blasius. It was always a joy to drop in on them at their evening meetings and to share their happy and satisfying fellowship.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Upon These I Relied

AT THE ANNUAL Parish Meeting in 1917 Mr. William B. McIlvaine was elected Warden of Christ Church. From that time until the day of his death in 1943 he continued to serve the Parish in that capacity. Words cannot express the value of the contribution he made to the life and activity of the growing congregation, and more especially what he meant as Warden to the Rector of the Parish. It involved a relationship not unlike that of father and son. When I became Rector I was 32 years old. It is true of course that I had had my three years in Wyoming and my four years in Baltimore. Nevertheless, I was young and inexperienced as far as the responsibilities involved in my new work were concerned. Constantly I found myself turning to Mr. McIlvaine for the kind of advice which he was so exceptionally well-equipped to give. Again and again he would call me to his house to warn me when, in his judgment, I was turning in the wrong direction; not infrequently to chide me when he felt that I was not measuring up to my job. But always it was with genuine affection and warm personal concern, of which I was never allowed to be unaware.

Those twenty-six years established in my thinking the meaning and value of what the relationship between a rector and his warden can and should be. There are others in the congregation with whom the rector may live in close and precious intimacy and from whom he may derive valuable cooperation and advice. But no one can take the place of the warden, when that office is occupied by a man of the quality and kindly judgment of a Mr. McIlvaine.

Sometime in the 1930's, I believe it was, a resolution was adopted by the Vestry establishing the policy of "rotation" for the office of vestryman in Christ Church. At the following Annual Meeting it was presented and accepted as the established practice of the Parish. It meant that a man, having served five one-year terms as vestryman, was not to be available for re-election. I was

strongly in favor of the resolution. It seemed important, because it would feed into the lay leadership of the parish each year two new men; it would avert the kind of stagnation which has afflicted and stunted the growth of so many parishes; it would offer to the younger men of the congregation the stimulus that is involved in looking forward to moving on themselves into positions of congregational leadership. The resolution did not apply to the wardens. With this I was also strongly in favor. My experience with Mr. McIlvaine had proved to me the importance of permitting the relationship between Rector and Warden to continue undisturbed year after year.

In the late 1940's this question was again brought up in a Vestry meeting and a resolution was offered, this time to make the "rotation" practice apply also to the office of Warden. By this time Ernest Ballard had succeeded to the office on the death of Mr. McIlvaine in 1943. With him I had gained the same intimate, personal relationship that I had enjoyed and had found so valuable in the case of his predecessor. He and I were of the same age; but he too was possessed of the same exceptional judgment, the same understanding and love of the Church, the same capacity for personal intimacy and friendship that had meant so much to my ministry in the Parish during the McIlvaine years. This time I opposed the resolution. As far as I can remember, it was the first and only serious difference that ever arose between the vestry and me during the thirty-seven years of my Christ Church rectorate. Over my opposition the resolution was adopted, and it was subsequently approved by the Annual Meeting of the Parish, and it prevails today.

But again I was fortunate. In 1943, when Ernest Ballard found it necessary to resign because of illness, Thomas C. Jones was elected to succeed him as Senior Warden. He had been a member of the Vestry during the previous two years. He, too, was a deeply-committed churchman of exceptionally sound judgment, great devotion to and understanding of the Church, and, during the years since he had moved into the community and become a member of our congregation, between him and myself there had grown the same close and responsive personal friendship that I had known and treasured with Mr. McIlvaine and Ernest Ballard. Indeed, how fortunate I was! Through all those thirty-seven years

I had at my right hand those three men, encouraging, advising, sometimes admonishing, always helpful. To them, more than to any others, must be assigned the credit for whatever progress and success were achieved during the years of my Winnetka ministry.

But as I have said, there were others to whom I turned and upon whose counsel I relied. Mrs. Frederick Greeley had been a member of the congregation for several years before I came to the Parish. She was a devoted churchwoman, exceptionally well-informed regarding the work of the Church at home and abroad. For years she conducted a class, which met weekly in her home on Chestnut Street, to study and teach the missionary work of the Church. There are women in the congregation today who, I am sure, remember gratefully the hours they spent in that class. While I was out on the West Coast during the Nation-Wide Campaign, I ran across an unhappy situation in the City of Seattle involving two down-town parishes. Situated only a few blocks from one another, each with a strong-willed and aggressive rector, there had developed between the two an unhappy inter-parochial feud. At the time I was out there, the Rector of one of these parishes had recently resigned to become Bishop of the Diocese of Nebraska; the Rector of the other parish had indicated his intention to resign because of old age. In conversations that I had with the vestries of these parishes I made the suggestion that they might find the solution of their problem, which was seriously affecting the work of the Church in Seattle, by combining the two congregations and calling a qualified man to head up the single consolidated parish. A few days after my return to Winnetka I received a letter telling me that the two vestries had met, that they had decided on the consolidation, that the new parish was to be the Cathedral of the Diocese, and that I had been called to be the Dean of the Cathedral. It was a tempting invitation, which I was strongly inclined to accept. To be Dean of the Cathedral in a rapidly growing community out in the great northwest! What a challenge! What a temptation! But I had been in Winnetka only three short years, one of which I had spent away from my parish as a chaplain in the Army. That year had been made possible to me by the generous action of the Vestry in giving me a leave of absence with my stipend unaffected and with my family comfortably in residence in the rectory. How could I conscientiously now leave my post even to accept so

attractive an offer? I needed advice from someone who would look at my problem with an unbiased mind, not only from the point of view of my immediate interest but more especially with a consideration of the vital interests of the parish to which I was already committed. The one person who could and, I was sure, would give me that advice was Mrs. Greeley, and to her I went. It took her less than an hour to turn me right-about and to make me see with complete clarity the mistake that I had almost made. I had been thinking about immediate advancement and about my personal career, and I had almost lost sight of my present duty and of the responsibilities to which I was immediately committed. That evening my letter went back to Seattle declining the call. How grateful I have been through the years for the wise and understanding counsel of that kind and far-seeing friend!

There were Victor Elting and his lovely wife, Marie. Victor, of course, felt a special responsibility for me. He and Mr. McIlvaine had come to Baltimore and brought me out to Winnetka. The delightful Elting home on Mount Pleasant Road became our other home in our new community. The relaxing Sunday luncheons after the strenuous schedule of Church School and two morning services. Dinner every Christmas Day, with the gathering of congenial friends. And Victor always available to discuss problems as they arose and to advise where advice was needed. Marie was Directress of our Altar Guild. It was a work that she loved and to which she brought all her extraordinary powers of deep reverence, personal devotion and meticulous care. The records indicate that she was originally appointed to this important position in 1911 and in it she remained until the day of her death in 1925. Year after year there was gathered around her a group of women, to each of whom she imparted her concepts of reverent concern about everything that involved the sanctuary. She established standards for the work of the Altar Guild that were rigidly maintained throughout her years and have been continued with like rigidity to the present time. The altar linen and vessels always immaculate. The Rector never allowed to wear a surplice a second time without a re-pressing. A prayer that was hung on the wall of the sacristy which was quietly and reverently recited by each member of the Guild before she went about her duties in the sanctuary. Her successors were Mrs. Austria DeLay (1926-1941), Mrs.

Ralph Rockwood (1942-1943), Mrs. James Donovan (1944-1947), Mrs. Will Kelley (1948-1951), Mrs. Rowland Williams (1952) and Mrs. Roswell Chrisman (1953-57). Each of these devoted women, with the single exception of Mrs. Chrisman, had discovered the sacred significance of the work of the Altar Guild under the inspired guidance of Marie Elting. It is something, I am sure, that can never be disregarded or forgotten.

Of course there were many others. If I were to recall the names of all who were my close and valued friends, to whom I looked for a support and cooperation which were never denied, I should have to call the roll of every warden and vestryman who served during those thirty-seven years, of every Church School superintendent and teacher, of every officer of the Women's Guild and Auxiliary, and many others. My years as Rector were indeed blessed by the loyal support which I sought and which I invariably received. Of this I was always aware, and for this I shall always be grateful.

This part of my story would not be complete were I to fail to make reference to certain members of our parish staff who played important roles in the active life of the Parish during the term of my rectorate. To them must be assigned in large measure credit for the smooth and harmonious, as well as efficient, running of our administrative organization.

Cora B. Lamb held the post of Parish Secretary upon my arrival in 1916. "Lambie" was the name by which she was affectionately known within the circle of our rectory family. Our children, particularly Peter, were devoted to her and she was to them. Indefatigable in her constant attention to every administrative detail, she carried on her invaluable service to the Parish and to me until advancing age made necessary her retirement in the late 1920's. She went west to make her home in California, where later she died.

Ethel B. Doolittle took her place on our staff on March 1, 1934. She, with her husband and two young sons, had been members of our congregation for several years. Upon the death of her husband, she was offered and accepted the position of Parish Secretary, and she was there at the time of my leaving. Words cannot express what her presence in the office meant both to the Parish and to me.

She knew every member of the congregation; she was unfailingly cooperative in every move that I made; she was amazingly patient with my vagaries and rendered a service to which I gladly and gratefully pay my tribute. Shortly after my retirement, she resigned and is now comfortably and happily settled in her home in Florida.

Hans K. Larsen became our Sexton in the early 20's and continued his unremitting and tireless service to the Parish for well over twenty-five years. It was an exacting job, involving as it did care of our properties both on Sheridan Road and at Oak and Linden Streets, and later on Maple Avenue. The excellent condition in which those properties were always maintained bore eloquent testimony to his faithful and conscientious concern.

There was Hannah Brown Bishop. She and her husband had been devoted and active members of Christ Church before I came to Winnetka—he a member of the Vestry, both of them teachers in the Church School. On Mr. Bishop's death, Mrs. Bishop was appointed Director of Religious Education in the Parish and accepted the appointment. As far as I know, that was the first time that that title was ever used in connection with the educational activities of the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Bishop continued to render extremely efficient service to the Parish during the first two or three years of my Winnetka ministry, until she resigned to accept a similar post under her former rector in St. Peter's Parish, Chicago.

And then there was Elizabeth M. Eddy. From the earliest days, Winnetka has been a community that has taken the training and education of its children with exceptional seriousness. Educational standards were established and rigorously maintained, both in the public school and later in the Country Day School, that were known and acknowledged throughout the nation. The names of Carleton Washburn and Perry Dunlap Smith were known and highly respected from coast to coast. This was a constant challenge to our parish of which I was more and more aware. It was inevitable that we should feel that the religious training that was provided to the young people of our congregation should not suffer by comparison with the corresponding educational experience that those same children were offered in the schools they attended throughout the week. For this reason I was in constant search of

trained and well qualified educators to head up the educational program of Christ Church.

No one who came to us through the years more effectively measured up to those qualifications than did Elizabeth Eddy. I found her in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where she had attended college and, after graduation, had for sometime been Director of Religious Education in St. Andrew's Parish in that city. She came to us in the spring of 1950, and she was there when I left. Under her able administration, our Church School underwent a complete re-organization. An extended two-hour Sunday morning session was instituted. A new and greatly improved curriculum was provided. The teaching staff was strengthened, and intensive training of our teachers was arranged both in private conference and in group meetings. While Elizabeth was with us I felt, as I had never felt before, that we of Christ Church were beginning to measure up to our responsibilities for the religious training of our children.

Only three times during the years did we add clerical assistants to the staff of our parish. To many this seemed strange, considering the rapid growth of our congregation and the obvious need of such assistance. The fact was that we couldn't afford it. Our budget made it necessary for us to choose between a clergyman, probably a young man, recently ordained and without the training and experience necessary to qualified education leadership, and a well-equipped educational leader who could render acceptable service as a Director of Religious Education. True, we might have avoided the necessity of facing that alternative choice by reducing our extra-parochial contributions, and that suggestion was made. But in every instance it was rejected. We had established standards for our missionary giving both in the Diocese and in the National Church, and those standards we were determined to maintain.

I shall make reference to Jim MacColl in a later chapter of my story. Malcolm Ward I found in the graduating class of the Cambridge School, where I had received my theological training, in the spring of 1927. He came to us immediately upon his graduation and ordination, and remained with us three years. It was a happy association. Both he and his wife, Isabelle, were greatly loved by one and all and we were sorry when he received a call to the Cathedral in Manila in the Philippine Islands, which he felt

compelled to accept. After five years there, he came back to the States to become Rector of St. Paul's Church, Maumee, Ohio, where he has exercised a distinguished pastorate until the present time. Chester Hand came to us in the spring of 1950, when he graduated from the Seabury-Western Seminary in Evanston. He remained on our staff slightly more than a year, married a young woman of our congregation, and moved on to become Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Brookings, South Dakota.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Campaign

AS FAR as I was concerned, the campaign for our new buildings began shortly after my return from military service in 1919. It was then that I arrived at the firm conviction that the quarters that we then occupied would within a very few years become completely outgrown and inadequate. This was perhaps strange in view of the fact that the Parish House in which we were then operating was only five years old. But it was obvious that in 1914 there was no idea of the rapidity of growth of the community or of the corresponding expansion of the parish, particularly of the Church School. So my "campaign" began, very quietly and unostentatiously at first. Just a suggestion here, a hint there, always in private conversation, never in open, public pronouncement.

Gradually the idea began to take hold. Late in the 20's the mind of the congregation, especially of the Vestry, was ready to consider and possibly accept what must have seemed an extravagant plan of positive, aggressive action. Of three facts I was sure: (1) Whatever we did, it must be substantial enough and large enough to satisfy the needs of the Parish for years ahead; (2) It must be beautiful in architectural design; (3) The lot we then occupied was not large enough to accommodate our new buildings. New and larger property must be found and purchased as an essential part of our project. The matter was finally brought before the Vestry. Almost without debate it was adopted. We were ready to sell it to the congregation. We would go to the people of Christ Church and ask them to contribute $300,000.00 for the construction of a new Parish House, Chapel and Rectory on property presently to be found and bought!

The first thing I had to do was to find the man who would head up the projected campaign. I didn't have far to look. Clarence Randall was my man. Since coming into the Parish, he had become an enthusiastic, 100% Episcopalian. A great and devoted church-

man. A born leader. A man gifted with exceptional fluency when talking in public. True, he had never before attempted this kind of financial campaign. But that didn't worry me. He would quickly get hold of the techniques of the job. So I went one evening to call on Clarence. He wasn't very hard to persuade or convince. Very little urging was required. He accepted almost without question.

The next question was: Shall we engage the services of a firm of professional money-raisers to organize and direct the campaign? This was the customary procedure in many, perhaps most, instances where so large an amount of money was to be raised. There were those who said that we should and must, if we were to entertain hopes of success. I was opposed. In the first place, I didn't feel that we needed such outside assistance. I had watched Howells Coffin in action during the Nation-Wide Campaign. I had had my own experience during that campaign out on the West Coast. For several years Bishop Anderson had entrusted to me the campaigns that were carried on throughout the Diocese. I was sure that we we should go it alone. Secondly, I couldn't bear the thought of turning over to professionals the 10% of the money raised, which was the customary fee that was charged for their services. I felt that we could put that $30,000.00 to better use right here in our parish. But finally, and by far most important, this was not to be a mere money-raising job, which it would certainly become if professional money-raisers were employed. It was to be a great spiritual enterprise. We were not going out just to build new buildings; we were committing ourselves to share, by sacrificial giving, in the extension of the Kingdom of God. That was my essential purpose. That was my dream. When this great task was brought to a successful and final conclusion, the spiritual life of the people of Christ Church would be raised to a level from which it would never recede. I succeeded in making my point. It was decided by the Vestry that we should proceed without outside help.

Incidentally, at just that time, the parish in Orange, New Jersey, where I had been born and raised, was engaged in an effort to raise the same amount of money that we were seeking, also for the building of a new parish house. They had engaged the services of professionals to run their campaign. I was asked, as one of the young men of that parish to go into the ministry, to go east and address one of their meetings. While there I had long talks with

the man who was running their project. With his full knowledge and consent I came back to my parish with my valise filled with the printed material, letters, posters, instructions to team captains and canvassers etc. which I had no hesitation in copying and using in our Winnetka campaign.

Clarence went to work. With precision and care, he selected the fifteen team captains that he needed; they in turn found and appointed the members of their teams. As far as I know, every man who was approached accepted this assignment without reluctance or hesitation.

It was my understanding that, in any effort of this kind, if it was to meet with success, 60% of the total amount to be raised must come from 10% of the potential contributors. This was what was commonly known as the Special Gifts List. In our case it meant that approximately $200,000.00 must be secured from approximately forty people. They were to be called upon before approach was made to the so-called rank-and-file. Within days, four contributions, each for $25,000.00, were in hand. Mr. McIlvaine drew his check and handed it in. Mr. R. Floyd Clinch, our Junior Warden, signed his pledge, to be redeemed over a five-year period. He died before the five years were over, but his pledge was paid in full by the executors of his estate. Albert Pierce also made his contribution in cash.

The fourth $25,000.00 was particularly interesting. Mr. Lucius Baker, an elderly Winnetkan of large means, was the father of a young woman who was married in Christ Church to Austin Jenner, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. Before her wedding she was baptized, and later I presented her for Confirmation. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Baker entered the Evanston Hospital, where he was cared for and lived for two or three years. Every time I went to the hospital to call on the sick, I dropped into his room and we talked. On one occasion he said to me, "Do you know, I have never been baptized. Would you be willing to baptize me?" Of course I was willing and I did, there in his hospital room. A few days later I brought Bishop Anderson to the hospital and Mr. Baker was confirmed. Shortly thereafter, during one of my visits, he said to me, "In the Tribune I read this morning that the Episcopal Church is going to build a new seminary in Evanston. That means money. I should like to make a contribution." "I am delighted

to hear it" I replied. "What would you like to contribute?" His answer was "$25,000.00." I said, "That is a fine and generous contribution, my friend, and I know that it will be gratefully received. Now I want you to know that I expect that, before very long, we shall be doing some building in our parish in Winnetka. I hope that, when that time comes, you will be inclined to contribute a like amount to Christ Church." "Indeed I will," was his reply. "You can count on it." As soon as I could reach a telephone I called my friend Dean DeWitt of the Seminary and told him that there was an elderly man in the Evanston Hospital who wanted to give him $25,000.00, and I suggested that he get out there as soon as possible and collect the money. That he did immediately and the contribution to the new Seabury-Western Seminary went into the bank.

All this happened years before our campaign. I went to Mr. McIlvaine and told him what Mr. Baker had said to me. I asked him to prepare a pledge that I could take to our generous friend for his signature. Mr. McIlvaine, one of the best informed lawyers in Chicago, knew his law and proceeded to tell me that, because our project at that time was a mere unimplemented hope, he could not prepare a document such as I suggested that would hold up in the probate court. So there I was, with a verbal promise for which there was no written commitment.

Now we come back to our Special Gifts List and to that fourth $25,000.00 contribution. Mr. Baker had died, and Mrs. Austin Jenner had inherited his estate. I called on Mrs. Jenner. I told her the story of what her father had said to me that day in his hospital room. She said to me, "You tell me that my father promised to give $25,000.00 to Christ Church? That is good enough for me! I shall redeem his promise." So our first $100,000.00 was in hand!

At last the time arrived to open our campaign. The Randall organization was complete. Every man had received his instructions and was ready to go. Bishop Anderson had agreed to come out to address the kick-off dinner meeting, that was to be held in Community House on Thursday evening, October 31, 1929. On Wednesday the 30th I was at my desk when my telephone rang. At the end of the line was the voice of our Senior Warden telling me that there was to be a special meeting of the Vestry that day at 12 o'clock, in the University Club, which I was to attend. I put every-

thing aside, rushed into the City, and at noon walked into a private dining-room of the Club to find my Vestry, with the exception of one vestryman, awaiting my arrival. The meeting was called to order and opened with the customary prayer. Mr. McIlvaine turned to me and said, "Rector, you probably don't know what has happened. The bottom has fallen out of the stock market. The New York Stock Exchange has closed. The United States is faced with the worst financial catastrophe in its history. We have brought you here to tell you that our campaign must be called off. It would be sheer folly for us to try to carry forward our plans!"

Words cannot express my thoughts and inner feelings as I sat there and listened to those words. Here was something of which I had dreamed and for which I had striven for ten long years. All those dreams and all that striving were now threatened with total and final defeat. If this enterprise, to which the people of my parish were committed, were now suspended it could never be revived within the fore-seeable future! I pulled myself together and said, "Before we reach final action on the subject that is before us, I want to hear the personal thoughts with complete and outspoken frankness of every man in this room." Starting with Mr. McIlvaine at my left, one after another spoke the three dreaded words: "Call it off!" Every one, until they came to the last man, seated at my right. Victor Elting rose to his feet and in a few well-chosen words, preached the most thrilling sermon I have ever heard. I can't repeat word-for-word what he said, but I can give its substance. He said, "Gentlemen, I must stand on my feet to say what I have to say. For months our Rector has been telling us that we were about to engage in an enterprise that involved something more than the raising of $300,000.00 for the building of new buildings. He has been saying again and again that what we are about is a great spiritual effort that, if successful, will revitalize the spiritual life of the people of Christ Church. He has challenged us to accept our responsibility, as members of a Christian Church, for the building of the Kingdom of God! I, for one, have believed every word he has spoken. We, the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, are the responsible representatives of this Christian congregation. Do we dare to say that we are willing to permit something that has happened in Wall Street to threaten the things that pertain to the Kingdom of God? Gentlemen, I am amazed and shocked by what I have heard you say." And he sat down!

Forthwith the vote was taken. By unanimous action, the Vestry voted to go ahead as planned. The following evening we had our meeting in Community House. There were some 400 eager, enthusiastic members of Christ Church present. Bishop Anderson made one of his characteristically-stirring addresses. Clarence and his well-instructed and organized teams went out into every home in the Parish. At the end of two weeks, he reported that there were gifts and pledges totalling $326,000.00!

But this wasn't the end of it. Attached to every pledge that was made were two stipulations. They were redeemable only when and if two conditions were fulfilled: (1) the entire amount must be subscribed. (2) The property at Oak and Linden Streets must be sold and the new property that had been found two blocks east, covering the entire frontage on Maple Avenue between Oak and Cherry Streets, must be purchased. The first condition had been fulfilled. We had not found a buyer for the old property.

A few evenings after the conclusion of the campaign, the Vestry met to consider this problem. We were all aware of the fact that, if it were generally known that we had to sell our property before the pledges could be considered redeemable, we would not be able to derive from the sale what we hoped it might bring in. For a long hour the problem was discussed without any satisfactory solution having been found. Then Albert Pierce spoke up. "What do you hope to secure from the sale of this property?" he asked. "$125,000.00" was the answer he received. He drew from his pocket his check-book, made out and signed a check in the amount of $125,000.00, drawn to the order of Christ Church, signed it, and said, "Gentlemen, I am buying your property. Now you can sell it for me. There is no hurry about it. Take your time. If, when you sell, you sell for less than this, I shall take the loss. If you sell for more, you can take the profit." Within a week the property was sold to the Illinois Bell Telephone Company for $125,000.00.

So ended the most exciting and most satisfying experience of my Winnetka ministry. Don Dallas was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee; Albert Pierce, Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. Charles Collens of Boston, one of the outstanding gothicists in the United States, was employed as our architect. On a beautiful spring Sunday morning, I led the congregation after our morning service in the church on Sheridan Road to our new

property on Maple Avenue and there, in a solemn ceremony, we offered our thanks to God and broke ground for our new buildings. In the fall we laid the corner-stone in the wall of the chapel. In the spring of 1931, with glad and grateful hearts, we moved into our new parish home.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Whom Shall We Trust?

BOB was an exceptional lad. This was not his real name. For obvious reasons as my story unfolds that must be withheld. He, his mother and father and sister were members of Christ Church. I baptized him as an infant. He was trained in our Church School. I instructed him and presented him for Confirmation. He grew to be a strikingly handsome lad in his teens. He became our crucifer and I can see him now as he strode down the aisle with proud dignity, carrying the cross in the procession before the choir.

When he graduated from New Trier, Bob decided that he must not undertake a college education. He was unwilling to permit his parents, who were people of limited means, to make the financial sacrifice that his four years in college would involve. It was a hard decision to make. He was an excellent student and he graduated from high school in the top 10% of his class. But he was sure that he was right; and he found a job with the Swift & Co. organization and was sent out to their plant in Omaha.

I had frequent letters from him while he was in Omaha. He was immensely enthusiastic and happy about what he was doing. Two years went by. I had a letter from him telling me that he had met and married a beautiful girl. At least, he said she was beautiful, and I was quite ready to take his word for it. A year later word came from Omaha that Bob's lovely wife had died while giving birth to their child.

A broken-hearted lad returned to his family in Winnetka, transferred to the Swift offices in Chicago. He seemed to find comfort in the parish, in which he had grown up and which he loved. He seemed to be recovering from the tragic blow that had fallen on him in Omaha. Just two months after his return, his father took a gun in his hands and shot himself through the head. This second tragedy was apparently too much for that fine lad to

stand up to. I was not a psychiatrist; but it didn't take a psychiatrist to see that Bob's mental and nervous constitution was shaken to the foundations.

Weeks went by. It was a Sunday morning. I had returned to the Rectory from our morning Service and was about to sit down for our Sunday lunch. The door-bell rang. There stood Bob's mother, tears streaming down her cheeks. Bob has been arrested. He was in jail in the Winnetka police station, charged with theft.

I went immediately to see him and to find out from him what had happened and why. He was completely frank with me. He acknowledged that for weeks he had been signing his mother's name to checks and having them cashed at various places in Winnetka and Chicago. He had also stolen money from his employers. He made no excuses for what he had done, was utterly contrite, humiliated, crushed. The next day he was transferred to the Cook County jail in Chicago. There I went to see and to talk with him again and again. There was no money available to pay for the services of a defense counsel. The court appointed a public defender.

Through the weeks before the trial was to start, I called on everyone of the people who had cashed the checks that Bob had presented. Most of them were Winnetka people. Some were shops in Chicago. In each instance I spoke of the lad I had known through the years in Christ Church; I asserted my continuing confidence in him in spite of what he had done; I told about the dual tragedies to which he had been subjected and which, I was so very sure, were responsible for his moral collapse. Everyone to whom I went agreed not to prosecute, until I reached the offices of the bonding company which had Bob under bond as an employee of Swift & Co. There I was told that there could be no withdrawal of charges and that the trial must proceed.

At last the day arrived. I was called into court to offer my testimony. It was my first and only appearance in a court of law. When I was called to the witness stand I repeated, as clearly and as forcefully as I could, what I had been saying again and again. I was convinced that this young man, although under the law he was guilty as charged, was the victim of the two tragedies that had befallen him. As I finished my testimony, the judge called me

into his chambers. He told me that he felt sure that I was right about why this had happened, and he asked me, if Bob were released and placed in my custody, would I accept the responsibility for his rehabilitation. This I gladly agreed to do. Bob was declared guilty, his sentence was suspended. Now it was up to me.

The first thing was to find him a job. I told him that every cent that he had unlawfully taken must be returned. With this he agreed. I went to Clarence Randall and told him in detail the whole story of Bob. He did exactly what I had every reason to believe he would do. He found a job for Bob in the Indiana Harbor mills of the Inland Steel Company. It was hard, manual labor. There wasn't large pay. But week after week, as Bob received his wages, he took everything he could find outside of his actual living expenses, and he went to one after another of those who had cashed his forged checks and little by little returned the money he had stolen.

A year later came the attack on Pearl Harbor; the United States was in the War; Bob was drafted for military service. He went into camp for his training as a private in the army of his Country. One day he wrote to tell me that he had been accepted for further training in an officers' training camp. Then, one Sunday morning, there he was in our congregation, proudly wearing his uniform with the gold bars on his shoulders. Shortly thereafter he was sent out into the Pacific theatre of operations where, for eighteen months, he was engaged in constant combat action. The War over, he was returned to the States and stationed at a camp on the West Coast. On his chest he wore two medals that had been awarded to him for bravery. Since then he has remarried and has two fine children. He elected to remain in the Army and, when I last heard from him, he was a Captain stationed at a camp in New England. It is a satisfaction to entertain the sure knowledge that my confidence in Bob had been justified and that his rehabilitation, for which I assumed the responsibility, is complete.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

What Do You Mean—Investment?

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to imagine two more radically different types of human beings than Phil and Father David Gibson. Phil was a worldling—highly cultured, sophisticated, self-centered. David was a totally dedicated Christian. He came nearer genuine sainthood than any other person I have ever known. The son of well-to-do parents in the east, Phil had received his preparatory education in one of the exclusive eastern schools and was a graduate of an Ivy League university. David grew up on the streets of Chicago's west side and his formal education ended when he finished high school. Phil was engaged in the investment business on La Salle Street and had been highly successful. David was a penniless priest of the Church, housed in two sparsely furnished rooms on the upper floor of the Cathedral Shelter, his priesthood committed to a ministry to the wretchedly depraved and underprivileged out of whose ranks he had himself come. The coming-together of these two men was probably the most dramatic episode of my Winnetka ministry.

Phil and his beautiful wife, Kathryn, with their two young children, moved out to the North Shore in the mid-twenties to make their home on one of the more expansive Winnetka estates. Shortly after their arrival, the two children were enrolled in our Church School, which resulted in my calling in their lovely home. When I asked about their church affiliation and interest, I was told with complete frankness that they had had no previous affiliation, that neither of them had been either baptized or confirmed, that they were not interested in the Church. They had the idea, that was not infrequently expressed by others under similar circumstances, that they wanted their children to have some religious training but that they themselves were aware of no need of what the Church had to offer. When I said that they could hardly expect our min-

istry to their children to have any appreciable effect unless we had the active interest and cooperation of their children's parents—unless what was said to those two children in our Church School on Sunday morning was reflected and reinforced by what they experienced in the home in which they lived—my words fell on deaf ears.

As time went on, Dorothy and I saw a good deal of Phil and his wife socially. We had many mutual friends. We played bridge with them; we swam with them in the lake; we entertained them in our rectory and there were barbecue suppers with them on their beach. If and when the subject of religion and the Church came up in the course of our conversation, it was skillfully and carefully averted. It was a subject with which they were simply not concerned and which they found both uninteresting and embarrassing.

It was on one such occasion, when Dorothy and Kathryn were chatting together after dinner and Phil and I were together in the patio of their home, that I said, "Phil, I am going to say something to you that will probably shock you. I hope it won't annoy you. I am impelled to say it nevertheless. You are in the business of investment. You have given your life to the problems involved in the investment of money. You have worked hard and your efforts have been richly rewarded. I am a clergyman, and as such I am not supposed to know anything about this business in which you are so deeply involved and about which you know so much. I am convinced that you don't know what the term investment can really mean!"

It was a bold, brash remark, but it was deliberate. I meant it to be shocking as it undoubtedly was. It was part of a campaign that had been at work in my mind for weeks. Jesus knew enough about fishing to know that the bait you use depends upon the kind of fish you want to catch and upon the way you use it. I had been using the wrong bait. Now I would use another.

"Go on" said Phil, "tell me more. You say that I don't know what investment really means. Tell me what you think it means." "To you" I replied, "investment means putting money to work to make more money. It has never occurred to you that it can mean more, much more, than that. You have never come to grips with the fact that investment may mean putting money to work to re-

deem and save human life." "Frankly" said my host, "I don't know what you are driving at. How can I invest money to save life, and if I can, why should I?" "I am not going to try to answer your question with words," I said. "But I shall show you what I am talking about. What about lunch next Tuesday? If I call for you at your office next Tuesday noon will you go with me where I shall take you and lunch with me?" "Gladly" said Phil. "I shall be looking for you."

Now I must return for a moment to David Gibson. In his teens he had been brought in off the streets of the west side through the efforts of the Very Rev. Walter T. Sumner, Dean of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul at the corner of Washington Boulevard and Peoria Street. He might so easily have become a juvenile delinquent, a member of one of the west side gangs, ultimately an habitue of Skid Row. Through the extraordinarily wise and consecrated ministry of Dean Sumner, he was rescued. He was baptized and confirmed, served at the altar, became a devoted and enthusiastic member of the Cathedral congregation. One day he walked into the office of Bishop Anderson and said, "Bishop, I want to be a priest in Christ's Church. Will you accept me as a candidate for Holy Orders?"

It was a strange request. Ordinarily in the Episcopal Church, young men are not accepted for ordination unless they have had a full four-year education in college and three years in an accredited theological seminary. Here was a man whose formal education had gone no further than high school, standing in the presence of his bishop and saying, "Such as I have, I give." Bishop Anderson was wise enough to recognize pure gold when he saw it. David Gibson's offer of himself was accepted. In due course, he knelt at the altar of the Cathedral which he loved and surrendered his life to his Saviour as a priest in the Church.

Shortly after my coming to Winnetka, a disastrous fire destroyed the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. Nothing was left standing except the clergy house in the rear on Peoria Street. To the Diocese of Chicago, it was an unrelieved disaster. To David Gibson the saving of that clergy house was an act of God. Here was the place from which he might exercise the ministry upon which his heart was set—a ministry to the wretched underprivileged from whom he had come and to whom he must give the remaining years

of his life. Again he went to his bishop, this time to lay before him his plan for the establishing of what was to be known as the Cathedral Shelter. The plan was formally adopted by the Diocese and within a short time, the Shelter was in active operation under the direction of Father David Gibson.

Now for my luncheon date with Phil. At noon on Tuesday, I drove my car to his office building on La Salle Street. He was waiting for me, climbed in, and we drove—north on La Salle, west on Washington Boulevard, through the tunnel under the Northwestern Railroad tracks, on and out to the Peoria Street corner. This was an area in the City of Chicago that my friend had never before seen. As he sat by my side, the expression on his face showed increasing bewilderment. More and more he wondered what could be in my mind as we drove on into this God-forsaken neighborhood. I had already told David that I was bringing a friend to meet him and, if possible and agreeable to him, to lunch with him. I parked my car in front of the Shelter; together we walked through the front door, through the hall, into the office. As I introduced the two men, David said, "Come with me." He led us down the hallway, into the chapel, up to the altar step, and said, "Please kneel." Before he realized what was happening, Phil found himself doing something that he had never before done. He was kneeling silently before an altar in a house of God!

And David stood at the altar and prayed. He prayed for Phil, his wife and children, the security and sanctity of his home, his business. He prayed for me, my wife and family, my parish and its people. He took two small crosses from his pocket, blessed them, turned and hung them about our necks. Then he placed his hands on our heads and pronounced the benediction. As we rose from our knees, I looked at Phil and saw tears on his cheeks. "Now," said David, "I must show you what we have here at the Shelter." He took us to the attic room where were stored the various articles of wearing apparel with which the men and women who came to him in rags were to be reclothed—suits and dresses, underwear, shirts, shoes. He led us into the rooms on the second floor with their beds, where his people might sleep until rehabilitated. Then to the dining room for our lunch. It was not what Phil was accustomed to. It bore little resemblance to his luncheon club in the Loop. It was meager

fare, but it was eaten with relish. And as we ate, David talked in terms of statistics about his work and ministry; how many men and women had come into the Shelter during the past year; how many clothed; how many meals served; how many services held; how many jobs found for the unemployed. He went on to recount the number of calls that had been made in hospitals and jails, the number of homes visited, the hours spent tirelessly to meet the never-ceasing demands of his unrelenting ministry.

Then Phil spoke. "But Father Gibson, all this must cost money. Where do you find the funds with which all this that you have been telling us about is financed?" It was the question that I had been waiting for. David was queer about the financial operations of the Shelter. Bishop Anderson, the Diocesan Council—nobody ever seemed able to uncover the sources of income. All we could ever get from him was "This is God's work. Because it is His work, He will provide." And apparently He did, through the unending efforts of David Gibson in his appeals to people, whoever and wherever they were, who heard about what he was doing and gave in amounts both large and small. That was about all we could derive by way of answer to Phil's question.

It was time to leave. I had to get back to my parish and Phil to his office. As we arose to express our appreciation of what we had seen and heard, Phil drew his checkbook from his pocket, made out and signed a check to the order of the Cathedral Shelter, and handed it to our host. He said, "Father Gibson, I want to invest in this enterprise." And as he said it, he looked at me, and he smiled.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The New Churchyard

WHEN the Garland gift was accepted by the Bishop of Chicago, and for several years thereafter, it seems generally to have been assumed that the triangular section of the property, extending some 100 feet north from the church to Lloyd Place, would eventually be the location of a home for the pastor. As time passed, however, it became obvious that the operating headquarters of the parish should be established nearer the geographical center of the community. Consequently, in January 1900 during the rectorate of Mr. Moore, a house and its adjoining property at the corner of Oak and Linden Streets were purchased, and there the rectory was placed. In 1914 a parish house and chapel were erected on the western section of that property.

After I came to the Parish, I found myself becoming increasingly concerned about that 100-foot frontage on Sheridan Road. It was completely unimproved and uncared-for. Overgrown with weeds and ill-assorted shrubbery, the only use to which it was put was a place where rubbish from the church was hauled out and burned. Surely, I came to feel—and I am sure that my thoughts were shared by many others of the congregation—that something could and should be done to make better and more appropriate use of that valuable piece of property. From time to time the matter was taken under consideration by the Vestry without any practical solution of the problem being uncovered. At long last what we were looking for came to light in a letter that I received from Ernest Ballard, at the time one of our vestrymen, dated April 5, 1934. In it he said, "I propose that serious consideration be given to the setting up of a plan by which, upon the making of a contribution on a stated basis to the Parish, members of the Parish be permitted to erect memorials on the Church property on Sheridan Road and to dispose of the ashes of their beloved dead on that property." He continued, "Such an

arrangement, elaborated and provided for in a proper manner, would meet the needs of many families in the Parish who have come from other parts of the world and who are seriously perplexed by the problem of the burial of their loved ones."

It was a startling suggestion. It not only meant that at long last our valuable property might be improved and beautified; but more important, it meant that members of our congregation, who had come from distant places to make their permanent homes in Winnetka and who had made no provision locally for the burial of the mortal remains of their beloved dead, might find such provision here, under the eaves of the church where they worshipped in the place that they loved. It was this that was especially in Ernest's mind when he made his brilliant suggestion. It awoke an immediate and generally favorable response when it was presented to the Vestry at a meeting a day or two after I received the letter. A committee was appointed, to act under the chairmanship of Ernest Ballard, consisting of William T. Bacon, Hill Blackett, William S. Elliott and Rollin D. Wood. William B. McIlvaine, our Senior Warden, and Stanley Rich, Clerk of the Vestry, were included as ex-officio members of the committee. This group of men was charged with the immediate responsibility of making an exhaustive study of the proposal and of determining its practicability from every possible angle. Such a study had to be made before the project could be presented to the members of the congregation as an operating project.

For four years the committee carried forward its investigation. Very soon it was made clear that there were serious and difficult obstacles that had to be overcome. First was a village ordinance that forbade burials within the corporate limits of the Village, and the proposed plan was brought before the Village Council. There it was determined that the ordinance was intended to apply to the possible establishment of commercial cemeteries in the Village and was not intended to prevent private burials in private property. As long as the proposed use of our church property was restricted to members of the congregation, it did not conflict with existing village law.

Next was the question of possible taxation. Our Sheridan Road property was not subject to federal, state or municipal tax as long

as it was used by the Church for exclusively religious purposes. If permits were issued for burial in our churchyard following financial payments that were made to secure those permits, would our property then be put to commercial use and become therefore subject to taxation? The question was submitted by the committee to the appropriate authorities and an answer favorable to the Parish was received.

But now we were confronted by our most difficult obstacle. The original Garland deed contained two clearly specified conditions which were acknowledged by Bishop McLaren when the gift was accepted. First, the property and the church that was located on it must for all time be used by the Church for the purpose of public worship. And second, for all time members of the Garland family and their descendants should have the right of burial in that churchyard. Did our proposed plan conflict with the second of these two conditions?

Months were required to resolve this difficulty. Members of the Garland clan had drifted away from Winnetka and were scattered not only throughout the United States, but also in many foreign countries. They had to be found, written to, told of our plan, and their consents had to be received before we could proceed. One of them, a Mr. Charles Eastman, was found living in Winnetka. Through him the names and current addresses of others were secured. To each one a letter went out. Gradually the answers came back, and in every instance the consent was given. Not content with this, the committee decided upon one final item of procedure. A friendly suit was entered in the Circuit Court of Cook County seeking formal legal approval of our project. In due course a court decree was issued, holding it to be a proper Church use within the deed under which the Sheridan Road property is held as a gift from John Garland and his wife, providing interment permits were restricted to members of Christ Church and their families.

Now we were ready to go forward. At a meeting of the committee on February 2, 1939, specific functions were assigned to its various members and Mr. Ralph Rodney Root, a landscape architect well-known in the Chicago area, was employed to prepare plans and specifications for the development of our new churchyard. Mr. Root proceeded immediately with his assigned task and

his blue-prints, when they were presently laid before the committee, were unanimously and enthusiastically approved. On May 17, 1939, a letter was addressed by the committee to all members of the congregation, informing them of the progress that had been made on our project and enclosing a return card for the use of those who wished to express their interest by the purchase of a burial permit. The response to this letter gave clear indication of the desire of our people to support the plan as outlined by the committee and to have as their own the new and beautiful churchyard. In July, the committee voted unanimously to proceed with the construction. The work was completed that December, at which time enough permits had been sold and contributions received to defray the total construction costs.

On December 17, 1941, steps were taken to guarantee the continuing maintenance and care of the property as it had been developed. A trust fund was set up and an agreement was entered into between the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of Christ Church and the Northern Trust Company in Chicago. By this agreement the principal of the fund was to be invested and the income was to be used to defray the costs of this care. The principal, which was to be derived from the sale of permits and contributions, was to be allowed to accumulate until it reached the amount of $38,000. Beyond that sum, it could be used for other parish purposes as determined by the Vestry.

Now it became evident that a special group of women should be found, to whom should be assigned the responsibility of caring for our churchyard throughout the year. In the autumn of 1940, this Churchyard Guild, as it came to be known, was appointed. The Chairman was Mrs. Raymond E. Durham and the other members were Mrs. Ernest S. Ballard, Mrs. Hill Blackett, Mrs. William W. Darrow, Mrs. William S. Elliott, Mrs. Langdon Pearse and Mrs. John N. Vander Vries. Through the years the loving care as expressed by this group of women and the labor that has been performed, most largely by their own hands, in planting, weeding, trimming and in many other ways, have constituted an invaluable service to our beloved parish. There have been additions to the Guild from time to time. Each year a letter has been addressed to the members of the congregation seeking additional funds for the

maintenance of the churchyard. Because of his other heavy responsibilities both at our Sheridan Road and our Maple Avenue properties, Larsen was relieved of all duties in our new churchyard and a gardner, Paul Weiler, was employed to care for the area exclusively. In the autumn of 1942, Mrs. Rollin D. Wood succeeded Mrs. Durham as Chairman of the Guild, and she continued to serve throughout the following eighteen years.

So the Ballard dream was fulfilled. It was and is a Garden of Remembrance, not a cemetery. It spoke and speaks of life, not death. It proclaims the Christian faith in Life Eternal as that faith is proclaimed not only year after year on Easter Day, but every Lord's Day week after week. Nothing, I am sure, that happened in our Parish during the thirty-seven years of my ministry in Winnetka served more effectively to strengthen the faith of our people and to cement their personal attachment to their parish.

When Dorothy and I learned of the death of our son, Ted, in December, 1944, we wanted to place a memorial in the Churchyard which would express his love for the parish in which he had grown up as well as our own sure confidence in his continuing life. We decided upon a marble plate, into which would be cut the words of a prayer which I had used again and again through the years and which had brought comfort and reassurance to many in the hours of their bereavement. With the consent of our Vestry, our desire was fulfilled and the prayer is now there, set in the pavement in the shadow of the cross at the north end of the garden:

> We seem to give him back to Thee, dear God, who gavest him to us. Yet, as Thou didst not lose him by the giving, neither have we lost him by his return. Not as the world giveth givest Thou, O Thou Lover of Souls. For what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only an horizon; and an horizon is naught save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further. Cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly. Draw us closer to Thyself, that we may know ourselves nearer to those who are now with Thee. And, as Thou hast prepared a place for us, so do Thou prepare us for that happy place, that where they are and where Thou art we too may be. Amen.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

At War On The Home Front

ON DECEMBER 8, 1941, the United States declared war on Japan. At last our country was actively involved in World War II. During the first War, I was away from my parish, too far removed and too busily involved in my duties as chaplain to maintain contact with my parish or to exercise my pastoral ministry. This time, age precluded my active involvement. Therefore I registered a resolution: as long as the War lasted, I would do everything in my power to establish and to maintain continuous and helpful pastoral contact with every man of my parish who went out into military service, as long as that service continued. He was to be an object of my pastoral concern from the day of his enlistment until his return—if he did return.

To this end I arranged a personal talk with each of these men before he left Winnetka. At this time I urged him to keep in touch with me through the mails, as I assured him that I would maintain that contact from my end; I promised that we at home would have him ever in our thoughts and prayers; and I presented to him a copy of the Soldiers and Sailors Prayer Book that had been put out by the War Commission of the Episcopal Church and, later, a small metal cross that he could hang with his dog-tag around his neck. When such a personal interview could not be arranged, a letter went out from my office, enclosing the Prayer Book and cross.

I was particularly anxious that the people of the parish should know and be constantly reminded of who these men were. We had a beautifully-designed board made and placed on the north wall of the church, in full view of the congregation, on which were lettered in gold leaf the names of our men in service. Week after week more names were added as more and more men went out. Three times the board had to be enlarged. Gold stars were placed opposite the names of the men who were not to return. By the end of the War the board contained 346 names and sixteen gold stars. At the close

ROBERT BOWEN BROWN, JR.

JAMES SALLEE BROWNE

JOHN HUTCHISON DARROW

MALCOLM WHITLOCK DUNCAN

WILLIAM SPRAGUE EDDY, JR.

EDWARD ASHLEY GERHARD, JR.

FREDERICK CHARLES GORDON

GEORGE KELLOGG HOOKER

STANLEY P. KLORES
no picture available

SAMUEL ADAMS LYNDE III

DONALD MACOMBER

CLAUDE SEYMOUR REEBIE

GOLD STAR MEN

EARL SEYMOUR WHARTON REEBIE

WILLIAM V. SCRIBNER

DAVID S. STRONG

RICHARD EVERETT THATCHER

of every morning service, with the flag held at attention at the altar rail, as the congregation knelt, the listing was read in a prayer for the safety of our men and on our knees the hymn was sung:

O God of love, O king of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

After the War was over, Mr. George E. Frazer offered to have this board reproduced in bronze and to give it to the Parish as a perpetual memorial. His offer was gratefully accepted; and it is now to be seen on the wall of the vestibule, at the south entrance to the church. Shortly thereafter, by popular subscription, funds were raised for the re-construction of the steps leading up to this south entrance, to complete the Frazer memorial with special reference to the sixteen gold star men.

On May 1, 1942 I prepared a listing of our men who were then in war service, indicating in each instance the military assignment of the man whose name was listed and his military address. Those men had grown up as lads in our congregation. They were most of them close personal friends. My thought was simply that they would be interested in knowing who and where they were. There were 71 names on the list. Almost immediately—on May 20, to be exact—I had a letter from David Hoffman from which I quote: "Yesterday I had an idea which might interest you and which may have been suggested to you already. Providing that the incoming mail warrants it, a letter could be mimeographed and mailed to those on your list once a month, such a letter to consist chiefly of short paragraphs concerning the activities of members in the service. After a couple of letters, I think the idea would catch on and the church would become a clearing house of news of the members."

Interesting idea indeed! On June 1, and thereafter on the first of every month, the expanded bulletin went out. It contained the names and addresses of the men who had gone out during the previous month, changes of address, items of interest as they came into my office. I quote a few of such items selected at random as they appeared in the June 1st mailing:

Roy Emerson Bard Jr. is in training as a machinist's mate at the Glenview Air Field. Joseph Addison Moller is a Major in the Army Air Corps—address, Warren Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind. Henry Augustus Carpenter Jr., Marshall Forrest Jr., Robert Kitchell Strong and James Roy West have been inducted into the Army—addresses unknown for the present.

Ted Ballard now has his commission as Ensign in the Naval Reserve and is teaching at Abbott Hall, Chicago, where he graduated on May 14.

A fine letter from John Danley at Camp Forrest. He says, "On looking over your list, I tried to recall where some of the Sea Scouts from the S.S.S. 'Albatross' are. (The 'Albatross' was the sailboat on which our Scouts cruised on Lake Michigan.) There are to my knowledge two in the Coast Guard, three in the Navy, and one naval aviator. Four are in the Army and one Army aviator who has been in the Pacific and the Philippines. Not a bad score."

At Camp Wolters is Fred Greeley, a private in Company D, 52nd Infantry Training Battalion. Fred discovered Lloyd Schipfer there at Camp Wolters through the previous list that we sent. He writes: "When one is so far from home and may have to face the possibility of being much further, it is always enjoyable (sic) to find those about you with whom one has the common ties of home."

Ted Gerhard, an Ensign in the Naval Reserve, was in the Manila area at the time of the Corregidor capitulation. He is listed by the Navy Department as missing, pending further information. Dorothy Gerhard, a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Nursing Corps, is stationed at the William Beaumont Hospital, El Paso, Texas.

Jonathan Strong, writing from Fort Knox, Ky. where he is assigned to 6th Company, O.C.S., says: "They try to put four years of West Point into thirteen weeks, and it's a job." Thanks, Jon, for your fine letter.

Bob Brown's name is not on our list because, with his family, he moved from our parish a year ago to Gambier, Ohio. But he was raised in this parish and loved Christ Church. He was an Army test pilot and was killed while testing a new plane over Texas early in March. On May 24 we dedicated a very beautiful new Ameri-

can flag in memory of Bob, which from now on will stand in our choir and will be regularly carried in the choir procession.

This from the July 1st bulletin:

I hope that this information will help Bob Steinhoff and Marshall Forrest to find each other there at Fort Monmouth. And George Connor, Henry Carpenter, Bob Strong and Roy West to get together out at Fort Francis Warren in Wyoming. Malcolm Haven, you will find not only David Hertel but also John Holland there in the Training School in Miami Beach. And how about you three fellows at Camp Wolters, Texas: Lieut. David Gallagher in the Infantry Replacement Center; Fred Greeley, a private in Company D, 52nd Infantry Training Battalion; and Lloyd Schipfer, a private in Company C, 59th Infantry, 1st Platoon.

John Reilly finished his training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma on June 30th. He promises to let me have his new assignment when he knows what it is to be. I am glad to have him say this: "As we move on, I want you to know that my choir days and membership in Christ Church are held in my mind wherever I go. I have travelled in many directions during the past few years, but I have never found the equal of our parish and the good old church on the hill."

This was the first time, as far as I can recall, that that term was ever applied to our church. But it was not to be the last. Again and again, in letters that came in from our men at the front, affectionate reference was made, and is still made, to the Church-on-the-Hill.

This from the August bulletin:

Jared Danley's first letter came through this month, written from Hawaii. Says, "Here in the Army we are interested in just two things: complete defeat of the Axis and going home. We're confident of both. One without the other would not be enough, although if we had to choose between the two we would all take the former. I can hardly look a pineapple in the face any more. We've been eating them whole two or three at a time." Let's have more of them, Jared—letters, I mean, not pineapples.

And so it went on month after month. Bulletins going out—responsively appreciative letters coming back. I have here in my home, as I write, a box full of them, which has been preserved as one of my most cherished possessions, as is a complete file of these bulletins. I read the following conclusion to the bulletin that was dated December 1, 1942:

"It will be a strange Christmas for us all, will it not—for you, wherever you are, and for us back here in the old home town? How desperately we shall miss you, one and all. But I promise you that the lights will be burning on our altar, as they shall burn in our hearts and homes, in token of the fact that even the clouds of war cannot dim the hope that came into the world when the stars shone over the Bethlehem manger. You have gone out to justify that Hope, and all it implies of faith in God and in the worth of the common man. God keep you, each and every one of you—and at this Christmastide may He bestow upon you His richest and fullest blessings."

Perhaps I have said enough to make clear what the project was all about; its motive, its central purpose, my hopes of its possible consequences. It was merely an effort to exercise a helpful and effective pastoral ministry to members of my congregation, scattered over the face of the earth, who were beyond the reach of my voice and outside of my physical presence, but never beyond the reach of my thoughts or of my constant prayer. What I was doing became known to those back home. There was brought to my attention a desire on the part of the fathers, mothers and wives of those men to receive the bulletins as they were issued. It was a desire that was warmly received and to which I earnestly wanted to respond. But it posed a problem. The preparing and mailing of those monthly letters to the constantly increasing number of men in the field already exhausted the resources of our office staff. How could I hope to extend the mailing to another 500 or 600 addresses? Inevitably, and as I might well have expected, the solution to the problem was found. A group of women, mostly mothers of the men in service, volunteered to do the job after the mimeographing had been attended to. From then on, under the leadership of Mrs. Dorothy Chancellor, they met on the 1st of every month in the Parish House library. There they spent the morning folding, enveloping, sealing, stamping and getting the bulletins ready for the post office. This volunteer work, for which I have never ceased to be grateful, continued until the end of the War.

A few more items selected from the bulletins:

January, 1943. At our Christmas services, I announced that from then until the arrival of warm weather, in the interests of fuel conservation, the Church-on-the-Hill is to be closed and all our services are to be held in the chapel. There have been some, not many, who have spoken regretfully, almost resentfully, that this

should be. But why? Why shouldn't we as a congregation, as well as individuals, share gladly, even gratefully, in whatever sacrifice may be involved in the job that we have on hand? Of course the chapel may be uncomfortably crowded. It may even be that we shall have to hold our morning services in the auditorium of the Parish House. If by doing so we may be permitted to accept our little part—inconspicuously little by comparison with what everyone of you fellows are doing out there on the firing-line—we may well count it a privilege to do so. You can count on us. We shall be thinking not of how much we can get of gasoline and fuel oil and sugar and meat and of other things that must be conserved in order that this War may be won in the shortest possible time, but rather of how little we can possibly get along with. I give you my word that, as far as the people of Christ Church are concerned, that shall be the case.

April, 1943. All of you men have had my prompt and grateful replies to your letters. Here is further acknowledgment. When Bob Davis speaks of how much contact with the home base means when we are separated, as we are, by so many miles, he speaks of what is in all our hearts. Whatever may be the distance that separates us, we are bound together by memories, associations, loyalties. It is for that that we make our effort—and whatever sacrifice that effort may mean. It is that for which we pray. God bless you, one and all. You are doing your part. We back home will continue to do ours. *We shall not let you down.*

June, 1943. We have a gold star on our Service List. Word was received during the month of the death, somewhere in the South Pacific area, of Capt. George Kellogg Hooker. Only a day or two before this news was received, I had a happy, enthusiastic letter from Kelly. He loved his work in the Marine Corps. He was loyal and devoted to the men under his command. The Church-on-the-Hill was filled for the service which we held in his memory (how appropriately) on Memorial Day. A fine officer; a loyal son of his Church; a Christian gentleman.

September, 1943. We have another gold star on our Service Board. Pvt. Samuel Adams Lynde III was killed in the line of duty on maneuvers at Fort Jackson, Columbia, S. C. on August 5th. It seems only yesterday that I waved good-bye to Sam as he went eagerly and happily on his Army way from the North Shore station. No one ever gave himself to his Nation's service with greater enthusiasm, with a finer spirit. On Tuesday, the 10th, we gathered in the Church-on-the-Hill to pay our final, grateful tribute to a gallant soul. Afterwards, the committal service was conducted in the Churchyard and, with bowed heads, we stood at attention as taps was sounded.

October, 1943. Word has come through from Ted Gerhard. Two undated postals, written from Military Prison 2 in the Philippines, bring the reassuring news that he is in excellent health, has been under no medical care, and is in fine spirits.

May, 1944. Dorothy Gerhard has been appointed Head Nurse in Evacuation Hospital No. 44 somewhere in England.

May, 1944. Here is a letter just received from Ted Ballard, from somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. He suggests air mail for these bulletins that go overseas so that they may be received "in a matter of weeks instead of months". (A bit costly, Ted, but a good suggestion nevertheless and it shall be adopted.)

July, 1944. A bit of parish news for you men. The Vestry has decided on a drive, to be undertaken in the fall, to liquidate the balance of our mortgage debt. As of next December it will stand at $20,000.00, and it would normally be cleared in the next three or four years. But why wait, using annually $7,000 of current revenue to do the job? Why not now put our house in order against the day of your return? Contributions will be received either in cash or in war bonds. It will mean something to you, when you come home, to return to a Christ Church completely debt-free and ready to take on the job that we all know will be waiting for us at that time. (Note. Under the leadership of Arthur Chilgren, Chairman of our Finance Committee, this campaign was put across in December and resulted in a 50% over-subscription. Our new buildings were consecrated by Bishop Conkling on January 14, 1945.)

August, 1944. Our fourth gold star has gone up on the board and, as in the case of the other three, it hurts. Word has just come to us that Sprague Eddy gave his life in the invasion of Saipan. Sprague was in the Marine Corps—a member, I believe, of Jim Donovan's outfit. I know that everyone of you men will join with me in deepest sympathy for his mother and father back here at home. Jim came through the invasion unharmed, for which we thank God.

February, 1945. Two mailing cards have just been received from Ted Gerhard. One, undated, came from Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 2 (Davao) and, from his reference to his 30th birthday, was apparently written in November, 1943. The other is dated July 10, 1944 and comes from Phil. Mil. Prison Camp No. 1 (Luzon). We have no information as to whether our men have been evacuated from the Philippines since the American invasion last summer. On both cards, Ted indicated that his health was good and his spirits high. He had received messages from home.

March, 1945. Again I must report to you the addition of a Gold Star on our Service List. It has been placed opposite the name of Donald Macomber. He gave everything he had to his Country—

bravely and gladly, you may be sure—as he served in the 3rd Army. Now, on February 2nd in Germany and with the same fine spirit, he has offered the supreme sacrifice. We shall have a memorial service for him in the Church-on-the-Hill on March 4th.

May, 1945. The twelfth and thirteenth Gold Stars have been placed on our Service List. Dick Thatcher was killed on April 4th at Will Rogers Field when, having landed after a training flight, he was struck by another plane of his squadron which had gotten out of control. Dick grew up here in Winnetka and was a loyal and devoted member of Christ Church. The Church-on-the-Hill was crowded for his funeral service, which was held on April 9th.

On the 25th we received word of the death of Bill Scribner, the result of wounds received in combat on the European front on the 13th. I remember so well my last talk with Bill just before he left for over-seas duty, proud of his Lieutenant's bars and eager to take on the combat duty for which he had been trained. A lot of you men claimed him as a friend and you will be saddened, as we are, by this information.

September, 1945. The fourteenth Gold Star has been added to our Service List. It stands opposite the name of Edward Ashley Gerhard Jr. Ted, a prisoner-of-war since the fall of Corregidor, lost his life when a Japanese ship, on which he was being transported from the Philippines, was sunk in the China Sea on December 15, 1944. With us when the news came were his sister, Capt. Dorothy who had recently returned from the European continent, Sgt. Peter and his sister, Patty. The five of us met on August 5th in the little chapel in Fish Creek, where for several years I have officiated at the Sunday services during our summer vacation, and there we held our memorial service for Ted.

* * * * *

But there was much else to be done on the home front. Immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor and the entry of our country into the War, with the consent of the Vestry, I offered the accommodations in our Parish House to the American Red Cross for whatever use to which they wished to put them. Our offer was readily accepted and, from then until the War was over, Christ Church Parish House was the Winnetka headquarters for all Red Cross activities. Day after day, the rooms were filled with women of the community, brought together under the dedicated leadership of Mrs. George D. Kane and Mrs. Arthur F. Weston for the all-important task of rolling bandages and making surgical dressings. At one point the demand for these supplies became so insistent and compelling that the services of men of the community were called

for to supplement the labors of the women. Consequently I issued the call to the men of our congregation at one of our Sunday morning services, and the following week I brought the summons to the members of our Rotary Club. The result was Wednesday evenings in the Parish House, when the rooms were filled with men and women, all seriously determined to render this important service to the Nation's war effort. I have in my hands a letter, dated April 11, 1946 and written from the Red Cross Chicago headquarters, stating that during the years 1942 to 1945, the Winnetka Center Production Unit had put in a total of three thousand, three hundred and seventeen hours of production service, that the members of the unit had earned the Production Roll of Honor card, and that the name of the Winnetka unit had been entered on the Chicago Chapter Roll of Honor. I have no idea that the women of our community had anticipated or expected such recognition. At the same time I am sure that they were inwardly gratified that their labors were in this way acknowledged.

There was one other activity, in which we were involved during those war years, to which brief mention should be made. Very early in the morning of one day each week, draftees were going out from the township for training and war service. They met in Community House to receive their necessary instructions and then to leave on the 7 o'clock train from the North Shore Electric station. To lighten the atmosphere of what might otherwise have been a gloomy and emotion-ridden hour, coffee and doughnuts were served by women of the Red Cross, under the leadership of Mrs. Morris K. Wilson; brief addresses were made by the Mayor of the Village and by the Commander of the Winnetka Post of the American Legion; and each week I was there, representing the churches of the community, to wish the men God-speed and to assure them of our continuing hopes and prayers for their safe return to their families and fire-sides.

So the long war years came and went. They were years that were filled with never-decreasing anxiety, but at the same time with strong and unyielding determination to carry on to a victorious conclusion. We of Christ Church were proud and glad to bear our share of the war effort on the home front.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Closing Days

AT LONG LAST V-J Day arrived on September 2, 1945. On that day the formal surrender of Japan was accepted in Tokyo Harbor. World War II was at an end. But it was not to be the end of our monthly bulletins. The people of Christ Church were too accustomed to receiving them month-by-month to let them go. There was a generally-expressed demand that they be continued. Continued they were for another two years.

In the February, 1946 issue I note the following item: "At the 11 o'clock service on February 3, the sermon will be preached by Chaplain James R. MacColl III. Chaplain MacColl has for the past several months been attached to the Naval Air Station at Vero Beach, Florida and is now bound for sea-duty in the Pacific."

Throughout the closing months of the War, I entertained the hope that, peace having been declared, we might secure the services of a discharged Chaplain to come to us as our Assistant Rector. We desperately needed such assistance. Especially needed were the services of a younger man, whose ministry might be offered particularly to the great number of young people of our parish. More and more I was aware of my limitations as far as that section of my parish ministry was concerned. As I listened to Chaplain MacColl that Sunday morning, my mind was made up. Here was the man for whom we were looking and whom we must have.

The March bulletin contained this welcome information: "We are to have an Assistant Rector. The Vestry extended the call at our meeting on February 12th to Chaplain James R. MacColl III, U.S.N.R. The call has been approved by the Bishop of Chicago; it has been accepted by Chaplain MacColl. He cannot come to us until he is released from his duties in the Navy, which means probably next May or June."

He arrived in June. Immediately, he engaged in an aggressive and determined effort to make himself known to our teen-agers and to set up a program that would attract their interest. He organized what was called a Young Peoples' Church. It was to be a completely organized congregation, with its own Vestry, Altar Guild, Choir, Servers, etc. and it was to meet for worship, under Jim's direction, in the Chapel Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock.

The project met with instant success. The first service of this Junior Congregation was held on October 20, with an attendance of 110. The program went forward with mounting success. It became widely-known throughout the Diocese and was written up in the November issue of the Diocesan magazine, on the cover of which appeared a picture of our Junior Congregation emerging from the front door of the Chapel after their Sunday morning service.

Not only in this but in many other directions, Jim's ministry in the Parish was extended. He became a vital factor in our ever-growing activities. In 1948, by action of the Vestry, he became Associate Rector of Christ Church. But unhappily it was not to last. In the spring of 1949, he received a call to the rectorate of Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., which he felt impelled to accept. He left us with the lasting affection and to the deep regret of one and all.

So again I was left alone to carry on my Winnetka ministry. Again and again, in every possible direction, we sought the assistance we so much needed. More and more I became aware of my inadequacies. I felt completely competent to carry on my ministry to the adult portion of our congregation. But those 200 or 300 young people were ever on my mind. I could not feel that they were receiving the ministry to which they were entitled and which they so greatly needed.

At last I arrived at my decision. Under date of April 9, 1953, I addressed the following letter to Mr. Thomas C. Jones, Senior Warden of Christ Church:

My dear Tom:

> After careful and prayerful consideration, I have reached the conclusion that I should at this time offer to the Vestry of Christ Church my resignation as Rector of the Parish. I shall

The author in 1952

appreciate it if you will present it at the meeting next Monday evening.

I am led to this action by what I believe to be the best interests of the Parish. It is not an easy thing to do. It is hard in this way to terminate a relationship which has been mine for almost thirty-seven years, and which has brought me great satisfaction and joy. I came to Christ Church in response to what I believed to be God's will. I have kept that thought in my mind constantly as I have exercised my ministry in this place. It is in my mind today as I take this action.

I feel very strongly that the time has now arrived when I must make way for a younger man under whose leadership the staff of the Parish may be completed and under whose wise guidance this congregation may move forward to still greater achievement. Once my resignation has been accepted, the Vestry will be in a position immediately to seek and find that man and to place the Parish in his hands.

The time of my retirement I leave to the Vestry to decide. I am convinced that the sooner it takes place, the better it will be for the Parish. I particularly hope that it will not be later than December 31 of the current year.

Faithfully yours,
E. Ashley Gerhard

On April 13, my letter was acted upon and my resignation was accepted. In the bulletin of the morning service on April 19, appeared the following:

My dear Friends:

You have received word this week of my resignation as Rector of Christ Church. This action was taken only after long and prayerful thought. I cannot express my gratitude to the Vestry for their sympathetic understanding of the difficulty involved in my decision and for the generous way in which they handled it. It is desperately hard to contemplate the termination of a relationship which began almost thirty-seven years ago and which has meant everything in the world to Dorothy and me. We simply feel that we must not allow our personal desires and interests to stand in the way of the real welfare of this wonderful parish. The need of younger leadership has become so apparent to me that there is no doubt in my mind as to where my duty lies. There is a ministry to the youth of this congregation for which I, at my age, simply am not qualified. Now, my resignation having been accepted, the Vestry is free to undertake its search for that younger leader-

ship. You may be sure that this search will be prosecuted with energy, wisdom and devotion. This parish needs and deserves the best. Those who are now charged with the responsibility of finding my successor may well be trusted to bring here a man who will measure up to the vast opportunities that lie before this congregation. May God bless you all.

Faithfully yours,
E. Ashley Gerhard

So ended thirty-seven years that for me were filled with uninterrupted joy and satisfaction. They constituted a hallowed privilege for which I hold an unceasing gratitude to God, at Whose hands it was granted. On September 15, 1963, I conducted my last service and preached my last sermon as Rector of Christ Church. On Monday morning my son, Peter, and I climbed into my car and started our journey to Jamestown, Rhode Island, where I was to finish my summer vacation among friends whom I loved.

WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN OF CHRIST CHURCH
1916—1953

1916—Wardens:	George Higginson, Jr.	James G. Weart
Vestrymen:	Samuel A. Greeley, Clerk	Victor Elting
	John T. Boddie	John H. Hardin
	R. Floyd Clinch	William B. McIlvaine
	Raymond E. Durham	Joseph C. Winship
1917—Wardens:	James G. Weart	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	John T. Boddie	Raymond E. Durham
	Francis P. Butler	Victor Elting
	R. Floyd Clinch	Samuel A. Greeley
	Charles D. Dallas	Harry L. Street
1918—Wardens:	James G. Weart	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	Godfrey H. Atkin	Raymond E. Durham
	John T. Boddie	Victor Elting
	R. Floyd Clinch	Samuel A. Greeley
	Charles D. Dallas	Harry L. Street
1919—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	James G. Weart
Vestrymen:	Godfrey H. Atkin	Victor Elting
	John T. Boddie	Samuel A. Greeley
	R. Floyd Clinch	Harry L. Street
	Charles D. Dallas	John Warmington
1920—Records not available		
1921—Wardens:	Edward P. Bailey	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	S. A. Greeley	J. B. Guthrie
	E. S. Ballard	B. K. Smith
	Harry Street	C. D. Dallas
	C. H. Coffin	G. H. Atkin
	C. L. Day	Victor Elting
1922—Wardens:	Edward P. Bailey	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Victor Elting
	Charles Howells Coffin	John B. Guthrie
	Arthur M. Cox	Benjamin K. Smith
	Charles D. Dallas	Harry L. Street
	C. Colton Daughaday	Walter A. Strong
1923—Wardens:	Edward P. Bailey	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Victor Elting
	Charles H. Coffin	John B. Guthrie
	Arthur M. Cox	Charles C. McKinney
	Charles D. Dallas	Benjamin K. Smith
	C. Colton Daughaday	William G. Woolfolk
1924—Wardens:	Edward P. Bailey	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	John B. Guthrie
	Arthur M. Cox	Robert S. Laird
	Charles D. Dallas	Charles C. McKinney
	C. Colton Daughaday	Donald F. McPherson
	Victor Elting	Benjamin K. Smith

1925—Wardens:	Edward P. Bailey	William B. McIlvaine
Vestrymen:	Godfrey H. Atkin	Victor Elting
	Ernest S. Ballard	Robert S. Laird
	Francis P. Butler	Donald F. McPherson
	Arthur M. Cox	Benjamin K. Smith
	C. Colton Daughaday	
1926—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	R. Floyd Clinch
Vestrymen:	Godfrey H. Atkin	Robert S. Laird
	Ernest S. Ballard	John B. Guthrie
	Francis P. Butler	Victor Elting
	C. Colton Daughaday	Benjamin K. Smith
	Frederick A. dePeyster	Erskine Wilder
1927—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	R. Floyd Clinch
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Robert S. Laird
	Francis P. Butler	Joseph F. Page
	C. Colton Daughaday	Clarence B. Randall
	Frederick A. dePeyster	Benjamin K. Smith
	John B. Guthrie	Erskine Wilder
1928—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	R. Floyd Clinch
Vestrymen:	Francis P. Butler	Robert S. Laird
	Charles D. Dallas	Clarence B. Randall
	C. Colton Daughaday	Benjamin K. Smith
	Frederick A. dePeyster	John N. Vander Vries
	Thomas W. Hearne	Erskine Wilder
1929—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	R. Floyd Clinch
Vestrymen:	Francis P. Butler	Robert S. Laird
	Chas. Donald Dallas	Albert E. Peirce
	Frederick A. dePeyster	Clarence B. Randall
	Victor Elting	John N. Vander Vries
	Thomas W. Hearne	Erskine Wilder
1930—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	R. Floyd Clinch
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Albert E. Peirce
	Chas. D. Dallas	Clarence B. Randall
	Frederick A. dePeyster	John N. Vander Vries
	Victor Elting	Erskine Wilder
	Thomas W. Hearne	Rollin D. Wood
1931—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Victor Elting
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Albert E. Peirce
	Charles D. Dallas	Clarence B. Randall
	Frederick A. dePeyster	John N. Vander Vries
	John B. Guthrie	Erskine Wilder
	Thomas W. Hearne	Rollin D. Wood
1932—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Victor Elting
Vestrymen:	Ernest S. Ballard	Albert E. Peirce
	Charles D. Dallas	Clarence B. Randall
	Frederick A. dePeyster	John N. Vander Vries
	John B. Guthrie	Erskine Wilder
	Thomas W. Hearne	Rollin C. Wood

1933—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Victor Elting
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Richard Yates Hoffman
	Ernest S. Ballard	William Jones Smith
	Paul G. Chace	Cornelius B. Watson
	George E. Frazer	Rollin D. Wood
	John B. Guthrie	John N. Vander Vries
1934—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Victor Elting
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Francis E. Hinckley
	Ernest S. Ballard	Richard Yates Hoffman
	Paul G. Chace	William Jones Smith
	George E. Frazer	Cornelius B. Watson
	John B. Guthrie	Rollin D. Wood
1935—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Victor Elting
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Richard Yates Hoffman
	Paul G. Chace	James Lawrence Houghteling
	William Ogden Coleman	Stanley Rich
	John B. Guthrie	Lewis B. Rock
	Francis E. Hinckley	William Jones Smith
1936—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Francis E. Hinckley
	Alfred Brittain, Jr.	James L. Houghteling
	Paul G. Chace	Harry R. Kimbark
	William Ogden Coleman	Stanley Rich
	George C. Getgood	William Jones Smith
1937—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Alfred Brittain, Jr.	Donold B. Lourie
	Paul G. Chace	Harry R. Kimbark
	William Ogden Coleman	Stanley Rich
	George C. Getgood	Rollin D. Wood
	James L. Houghteling	William Jones Smith
1938—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Alfred Brittain	Donold B. Lourie
	William Ogden Coleman	Stanley Rich
	Chas. E. Galloway	Ralph K. Rockwood
	George C. Getgood	Walter F. Straub
	Harry R. Kimbark	Rollin D. Wood
1939—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Arthur D. Chilgren	Donold B. Lourie
	William O. Coleman	Arnold D. K. Mason
	Charles E. Galloway	Stanley Rich
	George C. Getgood	Ralph K. Lockwood
	Harry R. Kimbark	Walter F. Straub
1940—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Arthur D. Chilgren	Stanley Rich
	Charles E. Galloway	Ralph K. Rockwood
	Gustavus T. Hellmuth	Walter F. Straub
	Donold B. Lourie	Harold Wilder
	Arnold D. K. Mason	William P. Wiseman

1941—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Arthur D. Chilgren	Clarence B. Randall
	Gustavus T. Hellmuth	Ralph K. Rockwood
	Scott W. Hovey	Walter F. Straub
	Donold B. Lourie	Harold Wilder
	Arnold D. K. Mason	William P. Wiseman
1942—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Arthur D. Chilgren	Clarence B. Randall
	Gustavus T. Hellmuth	Ralph K. Rockwood
	Scott W. Hovey	Walter F. Straub
	William A. Magie II	Harold Wilder
	Arnold D. K. Mason	William P. Wiseman
1943—Wardens:	William B. McIlvaine	Ernest S. Ballard
Vestrymen:	Arthur D. Chilgren	Scott W. Hovey
	John K. Coolidge	William A. Magie II
	Grenville Davis	Clarence B. Randall
	Holden K. Farrar	Harold Wilder
	Paul C. Fulton	William P. Wiseman
1944—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Paul C. Fulton
	Thomas B. Chace	Scott W. Hovey
	John K. Coolidge	William A. Magie II
	Grenville Davis	Harold Wilder
	Holden K. Farrar	William P. Wiseman
1945—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	William T. Bacon	Paul C. Fulton
	Thomas B. Chace	E. Osborne Hand II
	John K. Coolidge	Tom E. Hough
	Grenville Davis	Scott W. Hovey
	Holden K. Farrar	William A. Magie II
1946—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	George C. Bunge	Paul C. Fulton
	Thomas B. Chace	Malcolm D. Haven
	John K. Coolidge	Tom E. Hough
	Grenville Davis	William A. Magie II
	Holden K. Farrar	Arnold D. K. Mason
1947—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	George C. Bunge	Holden K. Farrar
	Thomas B. Chace	Paul C. Fulton
	John K. Coolidge	Malcolm D. Haven
	Grenville Davis	Tom E. Hough
	James A. Donovan	Arnold D. K. Mason
1948—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	George C. Bunge	Tom E. Hough
	Thomas B. Chace	Richard N. Jones
	James A. Donovan	Arnold D. K. Mason
	Frank F. Fowle, Jr.	R. Kingsley O'Hara
	A. Lucas Gardiner	Avern B. Skolnik

1949—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Clarence B. Randall
Vestrymen:	George C. Bunge	Joseph C. Houston
	James A. Donovan	Thomas C. Jones
	Frank F. Fowle, Jr.	Arnold D. K. Mason
	A. Lucas Gardiner	R. Kingsley O'Hara
	Tom E. Hough	Avern B. Skolnik
1950—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Donold B. Lourie
Vestrymen:	George C. Bunge	Joseph C. Houston, Jr.
	James A. Donovan	Thomas C. Jones
	Burnham M. Fisk	Arnold D. K. Mason
	Frank F. Fowle, Jr.	Avern B. Skolnik
	A. Lucas Gardiner	Howard E. Sommer
1951—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Donold B. Lourie
Vestrymen:	James A. Donovan	Thomas C. Jones
	Burnham M. Fisk	Warren F. Sarle
	Frank F. Fowle, Jr.	Avern B. Skolnik
	A. Lucas Gardiner	Francis E. Senear
	Joseph C. Houston, Jr.	Howard E. Sommer
1952—Wardens:	Ernest S. Ballard	Donold B. Lourie
Vestrymen:	Robert H. Brew	Thomas C. Jones
	Burnham M. Fisk	John S. Loomis
	Frank F. Fowle, Jr.	Warren F. Sarle
	A. Lucas Gardiner	Francis E. Senear
	Joseph C. Houston, Jr.	Howard E. Sommer
1953—Wardens:	Thomas C. Jones	Howard E. Sommer
Vestrymen:	Robert H. Brew	John S. Loomis
	Gordon G. Brittan	Arthur T. Moulding
	Burnham M. Fisk	Warren F. Sarle
	William L. Heiser	Francis E. Senear
	L. Martin Krautter	John Byron Spaulding

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